

Hadassa.

Horat. Ode 6.

*Conamur tennes, grandia; nec pudor,
Imbellisque Lyra Musa potens vetat.*

By *Era. Quarles.*

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By the Order

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A PREFACE TO THE READER.



Sober veine best suits Theologie: If therefore thou expect'st such Elegancy as takes the times, affect some subject as will beare it. Had I laboured with over-abundance of fictions, or flourishes, perhaps they had exposed mee, censurable, and disprized this sacred subject: Therefore I rest more sparing in that kinde.

Two things I would treat of: First, the *matter*, secondly, the *manner* of this History.

As for the *matter*, (so farre as I have dealt) it is Canonically, and indited by the holy Spirit of God, not lyable to errour, and needs no blanching.

In it, Theologie sits as Queene, attended by her handmaid Philosophy; both concurring, to make the understanding Reader a good Divine, and a wise Moralist.

As for the Divinity; it discovers the Almighty in his two great Attributes; in his Mercy, delivering his Church; in his Justice, confounding her enemies.

As for the Morality; it offers to us the whole

whole practicke part of Philosophy, dealt out into Ethicks, Politicks, and Oeconomicks.

1. The Ethical part (the obiect whereof is the manners of a private man) ranges through the whole booke, and empties it selfe into the Catalogue of Morall vertues, either those that governe the body; as Fortitude, Chap. 9. 2. and Temperance, Chap. 1. 8. or those which direct the soule, either in outward things, as Liberality, Chap. 1. 3. Magnificence, Chap. 1. 6. Magnanimity, Chap. 2. 20. and Modesty, Chap. 6. 12. or in conversation, as Iustice, Chap. 7. 9. Mansuetude, Chap. 5. 2. &c.

2. The Politicall part (the obiect whereof is publike Societie) instructs, first, in the behaviour of a Prince to his Subiect; in punishing his vice, Chap. 7. 10. in rewarding of vertues, Chap. 8. 2, 15. Secondly, in the behaviour of the Subiect to his Prince; in observing his Lawes, and discovering his enemies, Chap. 2. 22. Thirdly, the behaviour of a Subiect, to a Subiect; in mutuality of love, Chap. 4. 7. in propagation of peace, Chap. 10. 3.

3. The Oeconomical part (the obiect whereof is private Society) teacheth, first, the carriage of the Wife, to her Husband: in obey-
ing,

ing, Chap. 1. 22. of the Husband to his Wife, in ruling, Chap. 1. 22. Secondly, of a Father to his Childe, in advising, Chap. 2. 7, 10. of a Childe to his Father, in observing, Chap. 2. 20. Thirdly, of a Master to his Servant, in commanding, Chap. 4. 5. of a Servant to his Master, in effecting his command, Chap. 4. 6.

Furthermore, in this history, the two principall faculties of the soule are (nor in vaine) employed.

First, the Intellect, whose proper object is Truth. Secondly, the Will, whose proper object is good, whether Philosophicall, which that great Master of Philosophy calls Wisdom: or Theologicall, which wee point at now, hoping to enjoy hereafter.

Who the Pen-man of this sacred History was, or why the name of God (as in few other parts of the Bible) is unmentioned in this, it is immateriall, and doubtfull. For the first, it is enough for an uncurious questioner to know, it was indited by the Spirit of God: for the second, let it suffice, that that Spirit will'd not here to reveale his name.

As for the *Manner* of this history (consisting in the Periphrase, the adiournment of the Story, and interposition of Meditations) I

I hope it hath not iniured the Matter: For in this I was not the least carefull, to use the light of the best Expositors, not daring to go un-led, for feare of stumbling. Some say, Divinity in Verse, is incongruous and unpleasing: such I referre to the *Psalmes of David*, or the Song of his sonne *Salomon*, to bee corrected. But in these lewd times, the salt, and soule of a Verse, is obscene scurrility, without which it seemes dull, and livelesse: And though the sacred *History* needs not (as humane doe) Poetry, to perpetuate the remembrance, (being by Gods owne mouth blest with Eternity) yet Verse (working so neare upon the soule, and spirit) will oft times draw those to have a history in familiarity, who (perchance) before, scarce knew there was such a Booke.

Reader, be more than my hasty pen stiles thee: Reade mee with advice, and thereafter iudge me, and in that iudgement censure me. If I iangle, thinke my intent thereby, is to toll better Ringers in. Farewell.

THE INTRODUCTION.

WHen Zedechia (He whose haplesse hand
 Once held the Scepter of Great Iudah's
 Went up the Palace of Proud Babylon, (Land)
 (The Prince Serajab him attending on,)
 A dreadfull Prophet, (from whose blasting breath
 Came sudden death, and nothing else but death)
 Into Serajab's peacefull hand betooke
 The sad Contents of a more dismall Booke :

*Break ope the leaves, those leaves so full of dread,
 Read (sonne of thunder) said the Prophet, reade;
 Say thus, say freely thus, The Lord hath spoke it,
 'Tis done, the world's unable to revoke it;
 Woe, woe, and heavy woes ten thousand more
 Betide great Babylon, that painted whore;
 Thy buildings, and thy fensive Towers shall
 Flame on a sudden, and to cinders fall;
 None shall be left, to waile thy grieve with Howles:
 Thy streets shall peopl'd be with Bats, and Owles:
 None shall remaine, to call thy places voyd,
 None to possesse, nor ought to be enjoy'd;
 Nought shall be left for thee to terme thine owne,
 But helpleffe ruines of a haplesse towne:*

*Said then the Prophet, When thy language hath
 Empty'd thy Cheekes of this thy borrow'd Breath,
 Close then the Booke, and binde a stone unto it,
 That done, into the swift Euphrates throw it,
 And let this following speech explaine withall
 The Hieroglyphick of proud Babels fall.*

*Thus, thus shall Babel, Thus shall Babels glory,
 Of her destruction leave a Tragick story:*

Thus,

*Thus, thus shall Babel fall, and none relieve her,
Thus, thus shall Babel sinke, Thus sinke for ever.*

And false she is. Thus after-times make good
That sacred Prophecie, confirm'd in blood.

Great Royall Dreamer, where is now that thing
Thou so much vant'dst of: where, O soveraign King
Is that great Babel, that was rais'd so hye,
To shew the highnesse of thy Majesty?

Where is thy Royall-off-spring to succeed
Thy Throne, and to preserve thy Princely seed
Till this time? Sleeping, how could'st thou foresee
That thing, which waking thou thoughtst ne'r wold

And thou *Belsazzar*, (full of youthfull fire, (be?
Unlucky Grand-child to a lucklesse Syre)

On thee the sacred Oracles attended,
For with thy life, great Babels Kingdome ended:
What made thy Spirit tremble, and thy hayre
Bolt up? What made thee (fainting) gaspe for ayre?
A simple Word upon a painted Wall?

What's that to thee? If ought, what harme at all?
Could words affright thee? O preposterous wit,
To feare the writing, not the Hand that writ!
The Hand that writ, it selfe (unseene) did shroud
Within the gloomy bosome of a Cloud;

The Hand that writ, was bent, (nor bent in vaine)
To part the Kingdome, and the King in twaine,
The Hand that writ, did write the sentence downe,
And now stands armed to depose the Crowne;
The hand that writ, did threaten to translate
Thy Kingdome (Babel) to the Persian state;
Th'effect whereof did brooke no long delayes,
For when *Belsazzar* had spun out his dayes,
(Soone cut by that Avengers fatall knife,)
Proud Babels Empire ended with his life.

As when that rare Arabian Bird doth rest
 Her bedrid carcase in her Spicy nest,
 The quick-devouring fire of heaven consumes
 The willing sacrifice, in sweet perfumes,
 From whose sad cinders (bawl'd in fun'ral spices)
 A second Phoenix (like the first) arises;
 So from the Ruines of great Babels Seat,
 The Medes and Persians Monarchy grew great;
 For when *Belshazzar*, last of Babels Kings,
 Yeeled to death, (the summe of mortall things)
 Like earth-amazing thunder from above,
 And lightning from the house of angry *Jove*,
 Or like two billowes in th' Eubœan Seas,
 Whose swelling, nought but shipwrack can appease
 So bravely came the fierce *Darius* on,
 Marching with *Cyrus* into Babylon,
 Two Armies Royall stoutly following,
 The one was Medes, the other Persia's King:
 As when the Harvester, with bubling brow,
 (Reaping the intrest of his painfull Plough,)
 With crooked Sickle now a shock doth sheare,
 A handfull here, and then a handfull there,
 Not leaving, till he nought but stubble leave;
 Here lies a new-falne ranke, and there a sheave;
 Even so the Persian Host it selfe bestur'd,
 So fell great Babel by the Persian Sword,
 Which warm with slaughter, & with blood imbru'd
 Ne'r sheath'd, till wounded Babel fell, subdu'd.

But see! These brave Ioynt-tenants that surviv'd
 To see a little world of men unliv'd,
 Must now be parted: Great *Darius* dyes,
 And *Cyrus* shares alone, the new-got prize;
 He fights for Heaven, Heavens' foemen he subdues:
 He builds the Temple, he restores the Jewes,

By

By him was *Zedechias* force disjoynted,
 Vnknown to God he was, yet Gods Anointed;
 But marke the malice of a wayward Fate;
 He whom successe crown'd alwaies fortunate,
 He that was strong t'atchieve, bold to attempt,
 Wise to foresee, and wary to prevent,
 Valiant in warre, successefull to obtaine,
 Must now be slaine, and by a Woman slaine.

Accursed be thy sacrilegious hand,
 That of her Patron rob'd the holy Land;
 Curs'd be thy dying life, thy living death,
 And curs'd be all things, that proud *Tomyrus* hath.

O worst that death can doe, to take a life,
 Which (lost) leaves Kingdomes to a Tyrants knife:
 For now, alas! degenerate *Cambyses* (vices)
 (Whose hand was fill'd with blood, whose hart with
 Sits crowned King, to vex the Persian state,
 With heavy burthens, and with sore regrate.

O *Cyrus*, more unhappy in thy son,
 Then in that stroke wherewith thy life was done!
Cambyses now sits King, now Tyrant (rather:)
 (Vnlucky Sonne of a renowned Father)
 Blood cries for Blood: Himselfe revenged hath
 His bloody Tyranny, with his owne death;
 That cruell sword on his owne flesh doth feed,
 Which made so many loyall Persians bleed,
 Whose wofull choyce made an indiff'rent thing,
 To leave their lives, or lose their Tyran' King:
Cambyses dead, with him the latest drop
 Of *Cyrus* blood was spilt, his death did stop
 The infant source of his brave Syers worth,
 Ere after-times could spend his rivers forth.

Tyrant *Cambyses* being dead, and gone,
 On the reversion of his empty Throne,

Mounts up a *Magus* with dissembled right,
 Forging the name of him, whose greedy night
 Too early did perpetuate her owne,
 And silent death had snatcht away unknowne.
 But when the tydings of his Royall cheat,
 Times loyall Trumpe had fam'd, th'usurped seat
 Grew too too hot, and longer could not beare
 So proud a burthen on so proud a Chayre :
 The Nobles sought their freedome to regaine,
 Not resting, till the *Magi* all were slaine;
 And so renowned was that happy slaughter,
 That it solemniz'd was for ever after;
 So that what pen shall write the Persian story,
 Shall treat that Triumph, & write that daies glory;
 For to this time the Persians (as they say)
 Observe a Feast, and keepe it holy-day;
 Now Persia lacks a King, and now the State
 Labours as much in want, as it of late
 Did in abundance; Too great calmes doe harme
 Sometimes as much the Sea-man, as a storme ;
 One while they thinke t' erect a Monarchy;
 But that (corrupted) breeds a Tyranny,
 And dead *Cambyses*, fresh before their eyes,
 Afrights them with their new-scaped miseries;
 Some to the Nobles would commit the State,
 In change of Rule, expecting change of fate;
 Others cri'd, no; more Kings then one, incumber;
 Better admit one Tyrant, than a number:
 The rule of many doth disquiet bring;
 One Monarch is enough, one Lord, one King:
 One saies, Let's rule our selves; let's all be Kings;
 No, sayes another, that confusion brings;
 Thus moderne danger bred a carefull trouble,
 Double their care is, as their feare is double;

And

And doubtfull to resolve of what conclusion,
 To barre confusion, thus they bred confusion;
 At last (and well advis'd) they put their choyce
 Vpon the verdict of a Iuries voyce;
 Seven is a perfect number, then by seven,
 Be Persia's royall Crowne, and Scepter given;
Now Persia, doe thy plagues or joyes commence;
 God give thy Iurie sacred evidence:

Fearfull to chuse, and faithlesse in their choyce,
 (Since weale, or woe depended on their voice,)
 A few from many they extracted forth,
 Whose even-poys'd valour, and like-equall worth
 Had set a Non plus on their doubtfull tongues,
 Vnwearing where the most reward belongs,
 They this agreed, and thus (advis'd) bespake;

*Since perblind mortalls, of themselves, can make
 No difference 'twixt good, and evil, nor know
 A good from what is onely good, in show,
 But, with unconstant frailty, doth vary
 From what is good, to what is cleane contrary;
 And since it lies not in the braine of man,
 To make his drooping state more happy, than
 His unprosperious stars allot, much lesse
 To lend another, or a state successe,
 In vaine you therefore shall expect this thing,
 That we should give you fortune, with a King:
 Since you have made us meanes to propagate
 The joyfull welfare of our headlesse State,
 (Bound by the tender service that we beare
 Our native soyle, farre then our lives more deare)
 We fisted have, and boulded from the Rest,
 Whose worst admits no badnesse, and whose best
 Cannot be bettered:*

When Chaunticleere, (the Belman of the morne)

Shall summon twilight, with his bugle borne,
Let these brave Hero's, dress'd in warlike wise,
And richly mounted on their Palferies,
Attend our rising Sun-gods ruddie face,
Within the limits of our Royall place.
And he whose lusty Stallion first shall neigh,
To him be given the doubtfull Monarchy,
The choyce of Kings lies not in mortall's brest,
This we; the Gods, and Fortune doe the rest.

So said; the people, tickl'd with the motion,
Some tost their caps, some fell to their devotion,
Some clapt their joyful hāds, some shout, some sing
And all at one cry'd out, A King, A King.

When *Phæbus* Harbinger had chac'd the night,
And tedious *Phosphor* brought the breaking light,
Complete in armes, and glorious in their trayne,
Came these brave Heroes, prancing o're the plaine,
With mighty streamers came these blazing starres,
Portending Warres, (and nothing else but Warres;)
Into the royall Palace now they come: (Drum,
There sounds the martiall Trump, here beats the
There stands a Steed, and champes his frothy Steele
This stroaks the ground; that scorns it with his heell;
One snorts, another puffs out angry wind;
This mounts, before; and that curvets, behind;

By this, the fomy Steeds of *Phætoz*
Puffe too, and spurne the Easterne Horizon:
Whereat the Nobles, prostrate to the ground,
Ador'd their God, (their God was early found.)

Forthwith, from out the thickest of the crowd,
In depth of silence, there was heard the loud,
And lustfull language of *Darius* Horse,
Who in the dialect of his discourse,
Proclam'd his rider King; whereat the rest

(Patient

(Patient to beare what cannot be redrest)
 Dismount their lofty Steeds, and prostrate bring
 Their humbled bodies to their happy King;
God save the King, they joyntly say; God bleſſe
 Thy proſprouſ actions with a due ſucceſſe;
 The people clap their ſweatty palmes, and ſhout,
 The bonfires ſmoke, the bells ring round about,
 The minſtrels play, the Parrats learne to ſing,
 (Perchance as well as they,) *God ſave the King.*
Aſſuerus now's inveſted in the throne,
 And *Persia's* rul'd by him, and him alone;
 Prove happy *Persia* : Great *Aſſuerus* prove
 As equall happy in thy peoples love.

Enough; And let this broken breviaſe
 Suffice to ſhadow forth the downfall ſtate
 Of mighty Babel, and the conqueſt made
 By the fierce Medes, & *Persians* conqu'ring blade;
 Whoſe juſt ſucceſſion we have traced downe,
 Till great *Aſſuerus* weare the *Persian* Crowne;
 Him have we ſought, and having found him, reſt;
 To morrow goe we to his royall Feaſt.

FINIS.

TO

TO THE HIGHEST:

His Humble Servant
Implores his gracious
ayde.

Thou great Director of the hearts of men,
From whence I propagate what e'r is mine;
Still my disquiet thoughts, Direct my Pen
No more mine owne, if thou adopt it thine:
Oh, be thy Spirit All in All to me,
That will implore no ayde, no Muse, but thee:

Be thou the Load starre to my wandring minde,
New rig'd, and bound upon a new Adventure:
O fill my Canvas with a prosp'rous winde;
Unlocke my soule, and let thy Spirit enter:
So blesse my Talent with a fruitfull Loe,
That it, at least, may render two for one.

H

Unworthy

Vnworthy I, to take so high a Taske ;
 Vnworthy I, to crave so great a Boone:
 Alas! unseason'd is my slender Caske,
 My Winters day hath scarcely seene her Noone:
 But if the Childrens Bread must be deny'd,
 Yet let me licke the Crummes that fall beside.

THE

THE HISTORIE OF ESTER.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The King Assuerus makes two Feasts,
Invites his great and meeker guests :
He makes a Statute to repressse
The loathsome sin of Drunkenesse.*

Sect. 1.

WHen great *Assuerus* (under whose Cōmand
the worlds most part did in subiectiō stād,
Whose Kingdome was to East and West confin'd,
And stretcht from Ethiopia unto Ind',) (power
When this brave Monarch had with two yeeres
Confirm'd himselfe the Persian Emperour;
The peoples patience nilling to sustaine
The hard oppression of a third yeeres raigne,
Softly began to grumble, fore to vexe,
Feeling such Tribute on their servile necks;
Which when the King (as he did quickly) heares,
(For Kings have tender, and the nimblest cares)
Partly to blow the coales of old affection,
Which now are dying through a forc'd subjection;
Partly to make his Princely might appeare,
To make them feare for love, or love for feare,
He made a Feast: He made a Royall Feast,
Fit for himselfe, had he himselfe bin Guest;

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To which he calls the Princes of his Land,
 Who (paying tribute) by his power stand;
 To which he calls his servants of Estate,
 His Captaines, and his Rulers of the State,
 That he may shew the glory of his store,
 The like unscene by any Prince before;
 That he may boast his Kingdomes beauty forth,
 His servant Princes, and their Princely worth;
 That he may shew the Type of Sov'raignty
 Fulfill'd, in th'honour of his Majesty:
 He made a Feast, whose Date should not expire,
 Vntill seven Moones had lost, and gain'd their fire.

When as this royall-tedious Feast was ended,
 (For good more common 'tis, 'tis more comended)
 For meaner sort he made a second Feast;
 His Guests were from the greatest to the least
 In *Susa's* place; Seven dayes they did resort
 To Feast i'th Palace Garden of the Court;
 Where in the midst, the house of *Bacchus* stands
 To entertaine when Bounty claps her hands;
 The Tap'stry hangings were of divers hue,
 Pure white, and youthfull Greene, and joyfull blue,
 The maine supporting Pillers of the Place
 Were perfect Marble of the purest race;
 The Beds were rich, right Princely to behold,
 Of beaten Silver, and of burnish't Gold.
 The Pavement was discolour'd Porphyry,
 And during Marble, colour'd diversly;
 In lavish Cups of oft-refined gold,
 Came wine unwisht, drinke what the people would
 The Golden vessels did in number passe, (was.
 Great choice of Cups, great choyce of wine there
 And since Abuse attends upon Excesse,
 Leading sweet Mirth to lothsome Drunkenesse,

A temp'rate Law was made, that no man might
Inforce an undisposed Appetite :
So that a sober mind may use his pleasure, (sure.
And measure drinking, though not drinke by mea-

Meditat. 1.

NO man is borne unto himselfe alone;
Who lives unto himselfe, he lives to none :
The World's a body, each man a member is,
To adde some measure to the publike blisse;
Where much is given, there much shall be requir'd,
Where little, lesse; for riches are but hyr'd;
Wisdomes sold for sweat; Pleasures for paine;
Who lives unto himselfe, he lives in vaine;
To be a Monarch is a glorious thing;
Who lives not full of Care, he lives no King;
The boundlesse glory of a King is such,
To sweeten Care, because his Care is much;
The Sun (whose radiant beames reflect so bright)
Comforts, and warmes, as well as it gives light,
By whose example *Phæbe* (though more dim)
Does counterfeite his beames, and shines from him :
So mighty Kings are not ordain'd alone
To pearch in glory on the Princely Throne,
But to direct in Peace, command in Warre
Those Subjects, for whose sakes they onely are;
So loyall subjects must adapt them to
Such vertuous actions as their Princes doe :
So shall his people, even as well as He,
Princes (though in a lesler volume) be.
¶ So often as I fixe my serious eye
Vpon *Ashterms* Feast, me thinkes, I spye

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The Temple daunce, me thinkes, my ravish'd care,
(Rapt with the secret musicke that I heare)

Attends the warble of an Angels tongue,
Resounding forth this sence bereaving song;

Vashti shall fall, and Ester rise,

Sion shall thrive, when Haman dyes.

Blest are the meetings, and the Banquets blest,
Where Angels caroll musicke to the Feast;

¶ How doe our wretched times degenerate
From former ages! How intemperate

Hath lavish custome made our bed-ride Age,
Acting obscene Sceanes on her drunken Stage!

Our times are guided by a lewder lot,

As if that world another world begot:

Their friendly feasts were fill'd with sweet sobriety

Ours, with uncleane delights, and base ebriety;

Theirs, the unvalued prize of Love intended;

Ours seek the cause, whereby our Love is ended.

How in so blind an age could those men see!

And in a seeing Age, how blinde are we!

THE ARGUMENT.

The King sends for the Queene; the Queene

Demies to come, His hasty spleene

Inflames, unto the Persian Lawes

He leaves the censure of his cause.

Sect. 1.

TO adde more honour to this Royall Feast,
That Glory may with Glory be increast,
Vashti the Queene (the fairest Queene on earth)
She made a Feast, and put on jolly mirth,

To

To bid sweet welcome with her Princely cheere
To all her Guests; Her Guests all, women were.

By this the Royall bounty of the King
Hath well-nigh spent the seven daies banqueting.
Six Ioviall dayes have runne their howers out,
And now the seventh revolves the weeke about,
Vpon which day, (the *Queenes* unlucky Day)
The King, with jollity intic'd away,
And gently having slipt the stricter reynes
Of Temperance, (that over-mirth restraines)
Rose up, commanded that without delay,
(How-e're the Persian custome doe gain-say
That men and married wives should feast together)
That faire *Queene Vasthi* be conducted thither,
For him to shew the sweetnesse of her face,
And peerlesse beauty mixt with Princely Grace;
To wound their wanton hearts, and to surprize
The Princes with th' Aill'rie of her eyes.

But fairest *Vasthi* (in whose scornfull Eyes
More haughty Pride, than heavenly beauty lyes)
With bold deniall of a flinty brest,
Answer'd the longing of the Kings request;
And (fill'd with scorne) return'd this message home
Queene Vasthi cannot, Vasthi will not come;
Whereat, as *Boreas* with his blustering,
(When sturdy *Aries* ushers in the Spring)
Here fells an aged Oke, there cleaves a Tree,
Now holds his full-mouth'd blast, now lets it flee,
So stormes the King; now pale, now fy'ry red,
His colour comes and goes, his angry head
He sternly shakes, spits his enraged speene,
Now on the messenger, now on the *Queene*:
One while he deeply waighes the foule contempt,
And then his passion bids his wrath attempt

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A quicke revenge; now creepe into his thought
Such things as aggravate the peevish fault;
The place, the persons present, and the time
Increase his wrath, increase his Ladies Crime.

But soone as Passion had restor'd the Reyne
To righteous Reason's government againe;
The King (unfit to judge his proper Cause)
Referr'd the triall to the Persian Lawes:
He call'd his learned Counsell, and display'd
The nature of his Grievance thus, and said:

*By vertue of a Husband, and a King,
(To make complete our Royall banquetting)
We gave command, we gave a strict command,
That by the office of our Eunuchs hand,
Queene Valhti should in state attended be
Into the presence of our Majestie;
But in contempt, she sticks our dread behest
Neglects performance of our deare Request,
And (through disdain) disloyally deny'd,
Like a false subject, and a faithlesse Bride:
Say then (my Lords) for you (being truly wise)
Have braines to judge, and judgements, to advise;
Say, boldly (say) what doe the Lawes assigne?
What punishment? or what deserved Fine?
Assuerus bids, the mighty King commands;
Valhti denyes, the scornefull Queene withstands.*

Meditat. 2.

EVill manners breed good Lawes: And that's the
that e'r was made of bad: The Persian feast (best
(Finding the mischief that was growne so rife)
Admitted not with men a married wife.

How

How carefull were they in preserving that,
Which we so watchfull are to violate !
O Chastity, the Flower of the soule,
How is thy perfect fairnesse turn'd to foule !
How are thy Blossomes blasted all to dust,
By sudden lightning of untamed Lust !
How hast thou thus defil'd thy Iv'ry feet !
Thy sweetnesse that was once, how far from sweet !
Where are thy maiden-smiles ? thy blushing cheek ?
Thy Lamb-like countenance, so faire, so meeke ?
Where is that spotlesse Flower that while-ere
Within thy lilly-bosome thou didst weare ?
Ha's wanton *Cupid* snatcht it ? Hath his Dart
Sent courtly tokens to thy simple heart ?
Where dost thou bide ? the Country halfe disclames
The City wonders when a body names thee : (thee;
Or have the rurall Woods ingroft thee there,
And thus forestall'd our empty markets here ?
Sure th'art not, or kept where no man shoves thee;
Or chang'd so much, scarce man or woman knowes
¶ Our Grandame *Eve*, before it was forbid, (thee.
Desired not the fruit, she after did :
Had not the Custome of those times ordain'd
That women from mens feasts should be restrain'd,
Perhaps (*Assuerus*) *Vashti* might have dyed
Vnsent for, and thy selfe beene undenyed :
Such are the fruits of mirths, and wines abuse,
Customes must crack, and love must break his truce,
Conjugiall bands must loose, and sullen Hate
Ensues the Feast, where Wine's immoderate.
¶ More difficult it is, and greater skill
To beare a mischief, than prevent an ill :
Passion is naturall, but to bridle Passion,
Is more divine, and vertues operation :

Assuerus

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To doe amisse, is Natures act; to erre,
Is but a wretched mortalls character;
But to prevent the danger of the ill,
Is more than Man, surpassing humane skill:
Who playes a happy game with cratty sleight,
Confirms himselfe but Fortunes Favourite;
But he that husbands well an ill-dealt game,
Deserves the credit of a Gamesters name;
¶ Lord, if my Cards be bad, yet lend me skill
To play them wisely' and make the best of ill.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The learned Counsell plead the case;
The Queene degrad. d from her place;
Decrees are sent throughout the Land,
That Wives obey, and men command.*

Sec. 3.

THe righteous Counsel (having heard the cause)
Adviz'd a while, (with respite of a pause,
Till *Megasthenes* (the first that silence brake)
Unseal'd his serious lips, and thus bespake:
The Great Assuerus Sov'raigne Lord and King,
(To grace the period of his banquetting)
Hath sent for Vashti; Vashti would not come,
And now it rests in us to give the doome.
But lest that too much rashnesse violate
The sacred Iustice of our happy state,
We first propound the height of her offence,
Next, the succeeding Inconvenience,
Which through the circumstances does augment,
And so descend to th'equall punishment;

Th' offence

Th' offence propounded, now we must relate
Such circumstances that might aggravate,
And first, the Place, (the Palace of the King,)
And next, the Time, (the Time of Banquetting)
Lastly, the Persons, (Princes of the Land)
Which witness the contempt of the command;
The Place, the Persons present, and the Time,
Make foule the fault, make foule the Ladies crime;
Nor was her fault unto the King alone,
But to the Princes, and to every one,
For when this speech divulg'd about shall be,
Vashti the Queene withstood the Kings Decree,
Women (that soone can an advantage take
Of things which for their private ends doe make)
Shall scorne their coward husbands, and despise
Their deare requests within their scornfull eyes,
And say, If we deny your bests, then blame not,
As Iudith sent for Vashti, but she came not;
By Vashties patterne others will be taught;
Thus her example's fouler than her fault:
Now therefore if it like our gracious King,
(Since he refers to us the censuring)
Let him proclaim (which untransgressed be)
His royall Edict, and his just Decree,
That Vashti come no more before his face,
But leave the titles of her Princely place:
Let firme divorce unloose the Nuptial knot,
And let the name of Queene be quite forgot,
Let her estate, and princely dignity,
Her Royall Crowne, and seat assigned be
To one whose sacred vertue shall attaine
As high perfection, as her bold disdain;
So when this Royall Edict shall be fam'd,
And through the severall Provinces proclam'd,

Disdain.

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*Disdainfull wives will learne, by Vashties fall,
To answer gently to their Husbands call.*

Thus ended *Memucan*; the King was pleas'd;
(His blustering passion now at length appeas'd)
And soone apply'd himselfe to undertake,
To put in practice what his Counsell spake:

So, into every Province of the Land,
He sent his speedy Letters, with command,
That Husbands rule their wives, & beare the sway,
And by subjection teach their Wives to obey.

Medita. 3.

WHÉ God with sacred breath did first inspire
The new-made earth with quick, and holy
He (well advising, what a goodly creature (fire,
He builded had, so like himselfe in feature)
Forth-with concluded by his preservation
T' eternize that great worke of Mans creation;
Into a sleepe he cast this living clay,
Lockt up his sense with drowzy *Morpheus* key,
Opened his fruitfull flanke, and from his side,
He drew the substance of his helpfull Bride,
Flesh of his flesh, and bone made of his bone
He framed Woman, making two of one;
Thus broke in two, he did anew ordaine
That these same two should be made One againe:
Till singling Death this sacred knot undoe,
And part this new-made One, once more in two.
¶ Since of a Rib first framed was a Wife,
Let Ribs be Hi' rogliphicks of their life:
Ribs coast the Heart, and guard it round about,
And like a trusty Watch keepe danger out;

So tender wives should loyally impart
Their watchfull care, to fence their Spouses heart:
All members else from out their places rove,
But Ribs are firmly fixt, and seldome move:
Women (like Ribs) must keepe their wonted home,
And not (like *Dinah* that was raviisht) rome:
If Ribs be over-bent, or handled rough,
They breake; If let alone, they bend enough:
Women must (unconstrain'd) be plyent still,
And gently bending to their Husbands will.
The sacred Academy of mans life
Is holy wedlocke in a happy Wife.

It was a wisemans speech, *Could never they
Know to command, that knew not first t'obey:*
Where's then that high command? that ample fame
Your sexe, to glorifie their honour'd name,
Your noble sexe in former dayes achiev'd?
Whose sounding praise no after-times out-liv'd.
What brave exploits? what well-deserving glory;
The subject of an everlasting story,
Their hands achiev'd: they thrust their Scepters thence
As well in Kingdomes, as in hearts of men;
And sweet obedience was the lowly staire,
Mounted their steps to that commanding chaire.
¶ A Womans Rule should be in such a fashion,
Onely to guide her household, and her passion:
And her obedience never's out of season,
So long as either Husband lasts, or Reason:
Ill thrives the haplesse Family, that shewes
A Cocke that's silent, and a Hen that crows.
I know not which live more unnaturall lives,
Obeying Husbands, or commanding Wives.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Affuerus pleas'd; his servants motion
Propounded, gaine his approbation.
Esters descent, her lewish race:
Her beauties, and her perfect grace.*

SECT. 4.

WHen Time (that endeth all things) did as-
The burning Fever of *Affuerus* rage, (swage
And quiet satisfaction had assign'd
Delightfull Iu'lips to his troubled minde,
He call'd his old remembrance to account
Of *Vashti*, and her Crimes that did amount
To th' summe of her divorcement: In his thought
He weigh'd the censure of her heedlesse fault:
His sawning servants willing to prevent him, (him
Lest too much thought should make his love repent
Said thus: (If it shall please our gracious Lord
To crowne with audience his servants word)
Let strict Inquest, and carefull Inquisition
In all the Realme be made, and quicke provision
Throughout the *Medes* and *Persians* all along
For comely Virgins, beautifull and yong,
Which (curiously selected) let them bring
Into the Royall Palace of the King;
And let the Eunuchs of the King take care
For Princely Robes, and Vesture, and prepare
Sweet Odours, choice Perfumes, and all things meet,
To adde a greater sweetnesse to their sweet;
And she, whose perfect beames shall best delight,
And seeme most gracious in his princely sight;

The History of Queene Ester. III

To her be given the Conquest of her face,

And be enthron'd in scornfull Vastities place.

The project pleas'd the King, who straight requires

That strict performance second their desires :

Within the walls of *Shusa* dwelt there one,

By breeding, and by birth a Jew, and knowne

By th' name of *Mordecai*, of mighty kin,

Descended from the Tribe of *Benjamin*,

(Whose necke was subject to the slavish yoke,

When *Jecoiab* was surpris'd and tooke,

And caried captive into *Babels* Land,

With strength of mighty *Neb'chadnezzars* hand ;)

Within his house abode a Virgin bright,

Whose name was *Ester*, or *Hadass'a* hight,

His brothers daughter, whom (her parents dead)

This Jew did foster, in her fathers stead ;

She wanted none, though father she had none,

Her Vncles love allum'd her for his owne;

Bright beames of beauty stream'd from her eye,

And in her cheek sate maiden modesty ;

Which peerlesse beauty lent so kinde a relish

To modest vertue, that they did imbellish

Each others ex'lence, with a full assent,

In her to boast their perfect complement.

Meditat. 4.

THe strongest Arteries that knit and tie

The members of a mixed Monarchy,

Are learned Counsels, timely Consultations,

Rip'ned Advice, and sage Deliberations ;

And if those Kingdomes be but ill be-blest,

Whose Rule's committed to a young mans brest ;

Then

Then such Estates are more unhappy farre,
 Whose choicest Councillors but Children are :
 How many Kingdomes blest with high renowne,
 (In all things happy else) have plac'd their crowne
 Vpon the Temples of a childish head,
 Vntill with ruine, King, or State be sped!
 What Massacres (begun by factious jarres,
 And ended by the spoile of civill warres)
 Have made brave Monarchies unfortunate,
 And raz'd the glory' of many' a mighty State?
 How many hopefull Princes (ill advis'd
 By young, & smooth-fac'd Counsell) have despis'd
 The sacred Oracles of riper yeares,
 Till deare Repentance washt the Land with teares!
 Witnesse thou lucklesse, and succeeding Son
 Of (Wisedomes Favourite) great *Salomon*;
 How did thy rash, and beardlesse Counsell bring
 Thy fortunes subject to a stranger King?
 And laying burthens on thy peoples necke,
 The weight hung sadly on thy bended backe.
 Thou second *Richard*, (once our Britaine King,
 whose Syr's, & Grandfyr's fame the world did ring)
 How was thy gentle nature led aside,
 By greene advisements, which thy State did guide,
 Vntill the title of thy Crowne did cracke,
 And fortunes (as thy Fathers name) were blacke?
 ¶ Now glorious Britaine, clap thy hands, and blesse
 Thy sacred fortunes; for thy happinesse
 (As doth thy Iland) does it selfe divide,
 And sequester from all the world beside;
 Blest are thy open Gates with joyfull peace,
 Blest are thy fruitfull barnes with sweet increase,
 Blest in thy Counsell, whose industrious skill,
 Is but to make thy fortunes happy still;

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In all things blest, that to a State pertaine;
Thrice happy in my dreaded Sovraigne,
My sacred Sov'raigne, in whose onely brest,
A wise Assembl' of Privie Counsell's rest,
Who conquers with his princely heart as far
By peace, as *Alexander* did by War,
And with his Olive branch more hearts did boord,
Than daring *Cesar* did, with *Cesars* sword:
Long maist thou hold within thy Royall hand,
The peacefull Scepter of our happy Land:
¶ Great *Judas*'s Lyon, and the Flow'r of *Iesse*.
Preserve thy Lyons, and thy Flowers blest.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Faire Virgins brought to Hege's hand,
The custome of the Persian Land;
Esters neglect of rich attire,
To whet the wanton Kings desire.*

Sett. 5.

AND when the lustfull Kings Decree was read
In ev'ry eare, and Shire proclam'd, and spread;
Forthwith unto the Eunuch Hege's hand
The Bevy came, the pride of beauties band,
Armed with joy, and warring with their eyes,
To gaine the conquest of a princely prize;
But none in peerlesse beauty shin'd so bright,
As lovely *Ester* did, in Hege's sight:
In loyall service he observed her;
He sent for costly Oyles, and fragrant Myrrh,
To fit her for the presence of the King:
Rich Tyres, and change of vesture did he bring;

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Seven comely maids he gave, to tend upon her,
To shew his service, and increase her honour:
But she was watchfull of her lips, and wise,
Disclosing not her kinred, or alyes:

For trusty *Mardocheus* tender care
Gave hopefull *Ester* Items to beware
To blaze her kin, or make her people knowne,
Lest for their sake, her hopes be overthrowne.
Before the Gates he to and fro did passe,
Wherein inclos'd the Courtly *Ester* was,
To understand how *Ester* did behave her,
And how she kept her in the Eunuchs fauour.

Now when as Time had fitted ev'ry thing,
By course, these Virgins came before the King.

Such was the custome of the Persian soyle,
Six months the Virgins bath'd in Myrrh & Oyle;
Six months perfum'd in change of odours sweet,
That perfect lust, and great excesse may meet;
What costly Robes, rare Jewels, rich attire,
Or curious Fare, these Virgins did desire,
'Twas given, and freely granted, when they bring
Their bodies to be prostrate to the King:
Each Virgin keepes her turne, and all the night
They lewdly lavish in the Kings delight,
And soone as morning shall restore the day,
They in their bosomes beare blacke night away,
And (in their guilty breasts, as are their sinnes
Close prisoners) in the house of Concubines
Remaine, untill the satiate King shall please
To lend their pamperd bodyes a release.

Now when the turne of *Ester* was at hand,
To satisfie the wanton Kings command,
Shee sought not (as the rest) with brave attire,
To lend a needlesse spurre t'unchast Desire,

Net

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Nor yet endeavours with a whorish Grace,
T'adulterate the beauty of her face:
Nothing she sought to make her glory braver,
But simply tooke, what gentle *Hege* gave her:
Her sober visage daily wan her honour:
Each wandring eye inflam'd, that look'd upon her.

Meditat. 5.

WHen God had with his All-producing Blast,
Blowne up the bubble of the *world*, & plac'd
In order that, which he had made in measure,
As well for necessary use, as pleasure:
Then out of earthy mould he fram'd a creature
Farre more Divine, and of more glorious feature
Than eart' he made, indu'd with understanding,
With strength, victorious, & with awe commanding,
With Reason, Wit, replete with Majesty,
With heavenly knowledge, and Capacity,
True embleme of his Maker: Him he made
The sov'raigne Lord of all; Him all obay'd;
Yeelding their lives (as tribute) to their King;
Both Fish, and Bird, and Beast, and every thing:
His body's rear'd upright, and in his eye,
Stand radiant beames of awfull sov'raignty;
All Creatures else pore downward to the ground,
Man lookest o heaven, and at his thoughts rebound
Vpon the Earth (where tydes of pleasures meet)
He treads, and daily tramples with his feet;
Which reade sweet Lectures to his wandring eyes,
And teach his lustfull heart to moralize:
Naked he liv'd, nak'd to the world he came;
For he had then nor fault to hide, nor shame:

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His state was leuell, and he had free will
 To stand or fall, unforst to good or ill;
 Man had (such state he was created in)
 Within his pow'r, a power not to sin:
 But Man was tempted, yeelded, sinn'd, and fell,
 Abus'd his free-will, lost it, then befell
 A worse succeding state; who was created
 Complete, is now become poore, blind, and naked;
 He's drawne with head-strong bias unto ill,
 Bereft of active pow'r to will, or nill;
 A blessed Saint's become a balefull Devill,
 His free-will's onely stinted now to evill:
 Pleasure's his Lord, and in his Ladies eyes
 His Christall Temple of devotion lyes:
 Pleasure's the white, whereat he takes his leuell,
 Which (too much wronged with the name of evill)
 With best of blessings takes her lofty seat,
 Greatest of goods, and seeming best of great:
 What's good, (like Iron) rusts for want of use,
 And what is bad is worsed with abuse;
 Pleasure, whose apt, and right ordained end
 Is but to sweeten labour, and attend
 The frailty' of man, is now preferr'd so hie,
 To be his Lord, and beare the sov'raignty,
 Ruling his slavish thoughts, ignoble actions,
 And gaines the conquest of his best affections,
 Sparing no cost to bolster up delight,
 But force vaine pleasures to unwonted height:
 ¶ Who addes excesse unto a lustfull heart,
 Commits a costly sin, with greater Art.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

*Ester's below'd, wedded, crown'd ;
A Treason Mordecai betrai'd ;
The Traitors are pursu'd, and found,
And for their treason well appayd.*

SECT. 6.

NOW, now the time is come, faire *Ester* must
Exposc her beautie to the Lethers lust ;
Now, now must *Ester* stake her honour downe,
And hazzard Chastity, to gaine a Crowne ;
Gone, gone she is, attended to the Court,
And spends the euening in the Princes sport :
As when a Lady (walking *Flora's* Bowre)
Picks here a Pinke, and there a Gilly-flowre,
Now plucks a Vi'let from her purple bed,
And then a Primerose, (the yeeres maiden-head)
There, nips the Bryer; here, the Louers Pauncy.
Shifting her dainty pleasures, with her Fancy,
This, on her arme; and that, she lists to weare
Vpon the borders of her curious haire,
At length, a Rose-bud (passing all the rest)
She plucks, and bosomes in her Lilly brest :
So when *Assuerus* (tickled with delight)
Perceiv'd the beauties of those virgins bright,
He lik't them all, but when with strict revye,
He viewed *Esters* face, his wounded eye
Sparkl'd, whilst *Cupid* with his youthfull Dart,
Transfixt the Center of his feeble heart;
Ester is now his joy, and in her eyes,
The sweetest flower of his Garland lyes :

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Who now but *Ester*? *Ester* crownes his blisse,
 And hee's become her prisoner, that was his:
Ester obtaines the prize, her high desert
 Like Di'mond's richly mounted in his heart;
 Is, now *Jo Hymen* sings; for she
 That crownes his joy, must likewise crowned be:
 The Crowne is set on Princely *Esters* head,
Ester sits Queene in scornfull *Vashties* stead.

To consecrate this Day to more delights,
 In due solemnizing the nuptiall rites,
 In *Esters* name, *Affuerus* made a Feast,
 Invited all his Princes, and releast
 The hard taxation, that his heavy hand
 Laid on the subjects of his groning Land;
 No rites were wanting to augment his joyes,
 Great gifts confirm'd the bounty of his choyce:
 Yet had not *Esters* lavish tongue descri'd
 Her Iewish kin, or where she was aly'd;
 For still the words of *Mordecai* did rest
 Within the Cabbin of her Royall brest,
 Who was as plyent (being now a Queene)
 To sage aduice, as ere before sh'ad been.

It came to passe, as *Mardocheus* sate
 Within the Portall of the Princes gate,
 He over-heard two servants of the King,
 Closly combin'd in hollow whispering,
 (Like whistling *Nois* that foretells a raine)
 To breathe out treason 'gainst their Sovereigne:
 Which, soone as loyall *Mardocheus* heard,
 Forthwith to *Esters* presence he repair'd;
 Disclos'd to her, and to her care commended
 The Traitors, and the treason they intended:
 Whereat, the Queene (impatient of delay)
 Betrayd the Traitors, that would her betray,

And

And to the King unbosom'd all her heart,
And who her Newes-man was, and his desert.

Now all on hurly-burly was the Court,
All tongues were filld with wonder and report:
The watch was set, pursuit was made about,
To guard the King, and finde the Traitors out,
Who found, and guilty found, by speedy triall,
(Where witnesse speakes, what boots a bare denial)
Were both hang'd up, upon the shamefull tree:
(To beare such fruit let trees ne'r barren be:)
And what successe this happy Day afforded,
Was in the Persian Chronicles recorded.

Meditat. 6.

THe hollow Concave of a humane brest
Is Gods Exchequer, and therein the best,
And summe of all his chiefest wealth consists,
Which he shuts up, and opens when he lists:
No power is of man: To love or hate,
Lyes not in mortals brest, or pow'r of Fate:
Man wants the strength to sway his strong affectiōs
What power is, is from Divine directions;
Which oft (unseene through dulnesse of the minde)
We nick-name, Chance, because our selves are blind
And that's the cause, mans first beholding eye
Oft loves, or hates, and knowes no reason why.
¶ 'Twas not the brightnesse of *Rebecca's* face,
Or servants skill, that wan the virgins grace:
'Twas not the wish, or wealth of *Abram*,
Or *Isacks* fortune, or renowned name,
His comely personage, or his high desert,
Obtain'd the conquest of *Abimelech's* heart:

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Old *Abra'm* wisht, in secret God directed ;
 'Twas *Abra'm* vs'd the meanes; 'twas God effected :
 Best marriages are made in heauen ; In heauen,
 The hearts are ioyned; in earth the hands are giuen,
 First God ordaines, then man confirms the Loue,
 Proclaming that on earth, was done aboue.

¶ 'Twas not the sharpnesse of thy wandring eye,
 (Great King *Assuerus*) to picke Maielty
 From out the sadnesse of a Captiues face ;

'Twas not alone thy chusing, nor her grace;
 Who mounts the meeke, and beates the lofty down
 Gaue thee the heart to chuse, gaue her the Crowne:

Who blest thy fortunes with a second wife,
 He blest thy fortunes with a second life ;
 That brest that entertain'd so sweet a Bride,
 Stood faire to Treason, (by her meanes descride ;)
 With double fortunes, we'r't thou doubly blest,
 To finde so faire, and scape so foule a guest.

¶ Thou aged father of our yeeres, and howres,
 (For thou as well discouerst, as deuoures)
 Search still the entrails of thy iust Records,
 Wherein are entred the diurnall words
 And deeds of mortall men ; Bring (thou) to light
 All trech'rous proiects, mann'd by craft, or might;
 With Tower's of Brasse, their faithfull hearts imbosse
 That beare the Christian colours of the Crosse.

¶ And Thou Preseruer of all mortall things,
 Within whose hands are plac'd the hearts of Kings
 By whom all Kingdomes stand, and Princes raigne
 Preserue thy CHARLES, and my deare Soueraigne
 Let Traitors plots, like wandring Atomes, fly,
 And on their heads pay ten-fold vsury ;
 His bosome tuter, and his safety tender :
 O be thou his, as hee's thy Faiths Defender :

That

That thou in him, and he in thee may rest,
And we of both may live and dye possesse.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The line of Haman, and his race;
His fortunes in the Princes grace:
His rage to Mordecai exprest,
Not bowing to him, as the rest.*

Señ. 7.

Vpon a time, to Persias Royall Court,
A forraigne Stranger used to resort,
He was the issue of a Royall breed,
The off-cast off-spring of the cursed seed
Of *Amelck* from him descended right,
That sold his birth-right for his Appetite;
Haman his name; His fortunes did improve,
Increast by favour of the Princes love:
Full great he grew, preferd to high command,
And plac'd before the Princes of the Land:
And since that honour, and due reverence
Belong where Princes give preeminence;
The King commands the servants of his State,
To suite respect to *Haman*'s high estate,
And doe him honour, fitting his degree,
With vailed Bonnet, and low bended knee:
They all observ'd; But aged *Mordecai*
(Whose stubborne joynts neglected to obey
The seed which Heaven with infamy had braded)
Stoutly refused what the King commanded;
Which, when the servants of the King had seene,
Their fell disdain, mixt with an envious spleene,
Inflam'd;

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Inflam'd; They question'd how he durst withstand
The just performance of the Kings Command:
Daily they checkt him for his high disdain,
And he their checks did daily entertaine
With silent slight behaviour, which did prove
As full of care, as their rebukes of love.

Since then their hearts (not able to abide
A longer suffrance of his peevish pride)
(Whose scorching fires, passion did augment,)
Must either breake, or finde a speedy vent:
To *Haman* they th'unwelcome newes related,
And what they said, their malice aggravated.
Envie did ope her Snake-devouring Iawes,
Foam'd frothy blood, and bent her unked Pawes,
Her hollow eyes did cast out sudden flame,
And pale as ashes lookt this angry Dame,
And thus bespake! *Art thou that man of might,
That fmepe of Glory? Times great Favorite?
Hath thy deserved worth restor'd againe
The blemish: honour of thy Princely straine?
Art thou that Wonder which the Persian State
Stands gazing at so much, and peynning at?
Filling all wondring eyes with Admiration,
And every loyall heart with Adoration?
Art thou that mighty He? How baps it then
That wretched Mordecai, the worst of men,
A captive slave, a superstitious Jew,
Slights thee, and robs thee of thy rightfull due?
Nor was his fault disguis'd with Ignorance,
(The unsee'd Advocate of sinne) or Chance,
But backt with Arrogance and soule Despite:
Rise up, and doe thy suffering honour right.*

Vp (like his deepe Revenge) rose *Haman* then,
And like a sleeping Lion from his Den,

Rouz'd

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Rouze'd his relentlesse Rage; But when his eye
Confirm'd the newes Report did testifie,
His Reason straight was heav'd from off his henge,
And Fury rounded in his care, Revenge,
And (like a rash Adviser) thus began :

*There's nothing (Haman) is more deare to man,
And cooles his boyling veines with sweeter pleasure,
Than quicke Revenge; for to revenge by leisure,
Is but like feeding, when the stomake's past,
Pleasing nor eager appetite, nor taste :*

*Yet when delay returns Revenge the greater,
Like poynant sance, it makes the meat the sweeter :*

*It fits not th' honour of thy personage,
Nor stands it with thy Greatnesse, to ingage
Thy noble thoughts, to make Revenge so poore,
To be reveng'd on one alone : thy fore*

*Needs many plaisters : make thy honour good,
Not with a drop, but with a world of blood:
Borrow the Sythe of Time, and let thy Passion
Mowe downe thy Iewish Foe, with all his Nation.*

Meditat. 7.

Fights God for cursed *Amalek*? That hand
That once did curse, doth now the curse with-
Is God unjust? Is Iustice fled from heaven; (stand:
Or are the righteous Ballances uneven?
Is this that Iust Ichova's sacred Word,
Firmely inroll'd within the Lawes Record,
He fight with *Amalek*, destroy his Nation,
And from remembrance blurre his Generation?
What, shall his Curse to *Amalek* be voyd?
And with those plagues shall Isr'el be destroyd?

Ah,

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Ah, sooner shall the sprightly flames of fire
Descend and moysten; and dull earth, aspire,
And with her drynesse quench faire *Titans* heate,
Then shall thy words, and just Decrees retreat:
The Day, (as weary of his burthen) tyres;
The Yeere (full laden with her months) expires:
The heav'ns (grown great with age) must soone de-
The pondrous earth in time shall passe away; (say
But yet thy sacred Words shall alway flourish,
Though daies, & yeres, & heavé & earth do perish.

How perkes proud *Haman* then? What prosp'rous
Exalts his Pagan head? How fortunate (fate
Hath favour crown'd his times? Hath God decreed
No other Curse upon that cursed seed?

The mortall eye of man can but perceive
Things present; when his heart cannot conceive,
Hee's either by his outward senses guided,
Or, like a *Quere*, leaves it undecided:
The fleshly eye that lends a feeble sight,
Failes in extent, and hath no further might
Than to attaine the object: and there ends
His office; and of what it apprehends,
Acquaints the understanding, which conceives,
And descants on that thing the sight perceives,
Or good, or bad; unable to project
The just occasion, or the true effect:
Man sees like man, and can but comprehend
Things as they present are, not as they end;
God sees a Kings heart, in a shepherds brest,
And in a mighty King, he sees a Beast:
'Tis not the Spring-tide of a high estate
Creates a man (though seeming) Fortunate:
The blaze of Honour, Fortunes sweet excesse,
Doe undervalue the name of Happinesse:

The

The frownes of indisposed Fortune makes
Man poore, but not unhappy. He that takes
Her checks with patience, leaves the name of poore
And lets in Fortune at a backer doore.

¶ Lord, let my fortunes be or rich, or poore:
If small, the lesse account; if great, the more.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Vnto the King proud Haman sues,
For the destruction of the Iewes:
The King consents, and in his name
Decrees were sent i' effect the same.*

Sec. 8.

NOW when the yeer had turn'd his course about
And fully worne his weary howers out,
And left his circling travell to his heire,
That now sets onset to th' ensuing yeere,
Proud Haman (pain'd with travell in the birth,
Till after-time could bring his mischief forth)
Casts Lots, from month to month, from day to day,
To picke the choycest time, when Fortune may
Be most propitious to his damned plot;
Till on the last month fell th' unwilling Lot:
So Haman guided by his Idoll Fate,
(Cloking with publike good his private Hate)
In plaintiffe tearmes, where Reason forg'd a rellish
Vnto the King, his speech did thus imbellish:

*Vpon the limits of this happy Nation,
There flotes a skumme, an off-cast Generation,
Dispers'd, despis'd, and noysome to the Land,
And Refractory to the Lawes, to thy Command,*

Not

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Not looking to thy Power, but despising
 All Government, but of their owne devising,
 Which stirs the glowing embers of division,
 The hateful mother of a States perdition,
 The which (not soone redrest by Reformation)
 Will ruine breed to thee, and to thy Nation,
 Begetting Rebels, and seditious broyles,
 And fill thy peacefull Land, with bloody spoiles:

Now therefore, if it please my gracious Lord,
 To right this grievance with his Princely sword,
 That Death, and equall Iustice may o'rewhelme
 The secret Ruiners of thy sacred Realme,
 Vnto the Royall Treasure of the King,
 Ten thousand silver Talents will I bring.

Then gave the King, from off his heedlesse hand
 His Ring to Haman, with that Ring command,
 And said: Thy proffer'd wealth possesse,
 Yet be thy just Petition ne'rthelesse
 Entirely granted. Loe, before thy face
 Thy vassals lye, with all their rebell race;
 Thine be the people, and the power thine,
 T'allow these Rebels their deserved Fine.

Forthwith the Scribes were summon'd to appeare,
 Decrees were written, sent to ev'ry Shiere;
 To all Lieutenants, Captaines of the Band,
 And all the Provinces throughout the Land,
 Stil'd in the name and person of the King,
 And made authentick with his Royall Ring;
 By speedy Post-men were the Letters sent;
 And this the summe is of their sad content:

ASSVERVS REX.

Let ev'ry Province in the Persian Land,
 (Upon the Day prefixt) prepare his hand,
 To make the Channels flow with Rebels blood,

And

And from the earth to root the Iewish brood :

And let the softnesse of no partiall heart,

Through melting pity, love, or false desert,

Spare either yong or old, or man, or woman,

But like their faults, so let their plagues be common.

Decreed, and signed by our Princely Grace,

And given at Sushan, from our Royall Place.

So Haman fill'd with joy (his fortunes blest

With faire successe of his so foule request)

Laid care aside to sleepe, and with the King,

Consum'd the time in jolly banquetting :

Meane while, the Iewes, (the poore afflicted Iewes

Perplext, and startl'd with the new-bred newes)

With drooping heads, and selfe-imbracing armes,

Wept forth the Dirge of their ensuing harmes.

Medita. 8.

OF all diseases in a publike weale,

No one more dangerous, and hard to heale,

(Except a tyrant King) then when great might

Is trusted to the hands, that take delight

To bathe, and paddle in the blood of those,

Whom jealousies, and not just cause oppose :

For when as haughty power is conjoynd

Vnto the will of a distemper'd mind,

What e'r it can, it will, and what it will,

It in it selfe, hath power to fulfill:

What mischief then can linger, unattempted?

What base attempts can happen, unprevented?

Statutes must breake, good Lawes must go to wrack

And (like a Bow that's overbent) must cracke:

Iustice (the life of Law) becomes so furious,

That (over-doing right) it proves injurious:

Mercy.

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Mercy (the Steare of Iustice) flies the City,
 And falsly must be term'd, a foolish Pity,
 Meane while the gracious Princes tender brest
 (Gently possesst with nothing but the best
 Of the disguis'd dissembler) is abus'd
 And made the cloke, wherewith his fault's excus'd:
 The radiant beames that warme, & shine so bright,
 Comfort this lower world with heat, and light,
 But drawne, and recollected in a glasse,
 They burne, and their appointed limits passe:
 Even so the power from the Princes hand,
 Directs the subject with a sweet command,
 But to perverse fantasticks is confer'd,
 Whom wealth, or blinded Fortune hath prefer'd;
 It spurres on wrong, and makes the right retire,
 And sets the grumbling Common-wealth on fire:
 Their foule intent, the Common good pretends,
 And with that good, they maske their private ends,
 Their glorie's dimme, and cannot b' understood,
 Vnlesse it shine in pride, or swimme in blood:
 Their will's a Law, their mischiefe Policy,
 Their frownes are Death, their power Tyranny:
 Ill thrives the State, that harbours such a man,
 That can, what e'r he wills; wills, what he can.

May my ungarnisht quill presume so much,
 To glorifie it selfe, and give a touch
 Vpon the Iland of my Sov'raigne Lord?
 What language shall I use, what new-found word,
 T'abridge the mighty volume of his worth,
 And keepe me blamellesse, from th' untimely birth
 Of (false reputed) flattery? He lends
 No cursed *HAMAN* pow'r, to worke his Ends
 Vpon our ruine, but transferres his grace
 On just desert, which in the ugly face

Of foule Detraction, (untoucht) can dare,
And smile, till blackmouth'd Envy blush, and tare
Her Snaky fleece. Thus, thus in happy peace
He rules, to make our happinesse increaie,
Directs with love, commands with Princely awe,
And in his brest he beares a Living Law:
Defend us thou, and heavens thee defend,
And let proud Haman have proud Hamans end.

THE ARGUMENT.
*The Iewes, and Mordecai lament,
And waile the height of their distresses:
But Mordecai the Queene possesses,
With cruell Hamans foule intent.*

Seel. 9.

NOW when as Fame (the daughter of the earth
Newly dis-burthen'd of her plumed birth)
From off her Turrets did her wings display,
And pearcht in the sad cares of *Mordecai*,
He rent his garments, wearing in their stead
Distressed sackcloth: on his fainting head
He strowed Dust, and from his showring eyes
Ran floods of sorrow, and with bitter cryes
His grieve saluted heaven; his groanes did borrow
No Art, to draw the true pourtraict of sorrow:
Nor yet within his troubled brest alone,
(Too small a stage for grieve to trample on)
Did Tyrant sorrow act her lively Sceane,
But did inlarge (such grieve admits no meane)
The lawlesse limits of her Theater
Ith' hearts of all the Iewish Nation, where

K

With

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(With no dissembled Action) she exprest
The lively Passion of a pensive brest.

Forthwith he posteth to the Palace gate,
T'acquaint queene *Ester* with his sad estate,
But found no entrance : for the Persian Court
Gave welcome to delights, and youthly sport,
To jolly mirth, and such delightfull things :
Soft raiment best befits the Courts of Kings;
There lyes no welcome for a whining face,
A mourning habit suits no Princely Place :

Which when the Maids, and Eunuchs of the queen
(Vnable of themselves to helpe) had scene,
Their Royall Mistresse straight they did acquaint
With the dumb-shew of her sad Cousins plaint;
Whereat (till now a stranger to the cause)
Perplext, and forced by the tender Laws
Of deare Affection, her gentle heart
Did sympathize with his conceived smart:
She sent him change of raiment to put on,
To vaile his griefe; But he received none:
Then (sore dismai'd, impatient to forbear
The knowledge of the thing she fear'd to heare)
She sent her servant to him, to importune,
What sudden Chance, or what disast'rous fortune
Had caus'd this strange, and ill-apparell'd griefe,
That she (if in her lyes) may send reliefe:
To whom his sorrowes made this sad Relation,
And this, the tenor of his Declaration :

Hamans, (that cursed Hamans) haughtly pride,
(Because my knee deservedly denyde
To make an Idoll of his Greatnesse) hath
Incens'd the fury of his jealous wrath,
And profer'd lavish bribes to buy the blood
Of me, and all the faithfull Jewish brood :

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Loe; here the copy, granted by the King,
Still'd in his name, confirmed with his King;
By vertue of the which, into his hands,
Curst Haman hath ingroft our lives, our lands:
Goe tell the Queene, it resteth in her powers
To helpe; the case is hers as well as Ours:
Goe tell my Cousin Queen, it is her charge,
To use the meanes, whereby she may enlarge
Her aged kinsmans life, and all her Nation;
Preferring to the King her supplication.

Mediat. 9.

WHo hopes t'attain the sweet Elysian Layes
To reap the harvest of his well spent daies
Must passe the joylesse streames of Acaron,
The scorching waves of burning Phlegeton,
And sable billowes of the Stygian Lake:
Thus sweet with sowre, each mortall must partake.
What joyfull Harvester did ere obtaine
The sweet fruition of his hopefull gaine,
Vntill his hardy labours first had past
The Summers heat, and stormy Winters blast?
A sable night returnes a shining morrow;
And dayes of joy ensue sad nights of sorrow:
The way to blisse lyes not on beds of Downe,
And he that had no Crosse, deserves no Crowne:
There's but one Heav'n, one plaee of perfect ease,
In man it lies, to take it where he please,
Above, or here below; And few men doe
Injoy the one; and tast the other too;
Sweating, and constant labour wins the Goale
Of Rest; Afflictions clarifie the soule,

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And like hard Masters, give more hard directions,
 Tut'ring the nonage of uncurb'd affections :
 Wisedome (the Antidote of sad despaire)
 Makes sharpe Afflictions seeme not as they are,
 Through patient suffrance; and doth apprehend,
 Not as they seeming are, but as they end :
 To beare Affliction with a bended brow,
 Or stubborne heart, is but to disallow
 The speedy meanes to health; salve heales no sore,
 If mis-apply'd, but makes the griefe the more :
 Who sends Affliction, send an end; and He
 Best knowes what's best for him, what's best for me:
 'Tis not for me to carve me where I like;
 Him pleases when he list, to stroake or strike:
 Ile neither wish, nor yet avoid Tentation,
 But still expect it, and make Preparation :
 If he thinke best my Faith shall not be tryde,
 (Lord) keep me spotless from presumptuous pride:
 If otherwise; with tryall, give me care,
 By thankfull patience, to prevent Despaire;
 Fit me to beare what e'r thou shalt assigne;
 I kisse the Rod, because the Rod is thine.
 How-e'r, let me not boast, nor yet repine,
 With triall; or without (Lord) make me thine.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

Her ayd implor'd, the Queene refuses
To helpe them, and herselfe excuses:
But (urg'd by Mordecai) consents
To die, or crosse their foes intents.

Sect. 10.

NOW when the servant had return'd the words
Of wretched Mordecai, like pointed swords,
They neere impiere't Queene Esters tender heart,
That well could pity, but no helpe impart;
Ballac'd with griefe, and with the burthen foyld,
(Like Ordnance over-charg'd) she thus recoyld:

Goe, Hatach, tell my wretched kinsman thus,
The case concernes not you alone, but us:

We are the subject of proud Hamans hate,

As well as you; our life is pointed at

As well as yours, or as the meanest Icw,

Nor can I helpe my selfe, nor them, nor you:

You know the Custome of the Persian State,

No King may breake, no subject violate:

How may I then presume to make accesse

Before th'offended King? or rudely presse

(Uncall'd) into his presence? How can I

Expect my suit, and have deserv'd to dye?

May my desires hope to finde successe,

When to effect them, I the Law transgresse?

These thirty dayes uncall'd for have I bin

Vnto my Lord; How dare I now goe in?

Goe, Hatach, and retorne this heavynewes

And shew the truth of my unforc'd excuse.

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Whereof when Mordecai was full posselt,
His troubled soule he boldly thus exprest:

Goe, tell the fearfull Queene; too great's her feare,
Too small her zeale; her life she rates too deare:
How poore's th' adventure, to ingage thy blood,
To save thy peoples life, and Churches good?
To what advantage canst thou more expose
Thy life than this? Th'ast but a life to lose;
Thinke not, thy Greatnesse can excuse our death,
Or save thy life; thy life is but a breath
As well as ours; (Great Queene) thou hop'st in vaine,
In saving of a life, a life to gaine:
Who knowes if God on purpose did intend
Thy high preferment for this happy end?
If at this needfull time thou spare to speake,
Our speedy helpe shall (like the morning) breake
From heaven, together with thy woes; and be
That succours us, shall heape his plagues on thee.

Which when queene Ester had right well perus'd
And on each wounding word had sadly mus'd,
Startled with zeale, not daring to deny,
She rouz'd her faith, and sent this meeke reply:

Since heaven it is endowes each enterprize
With good successe, and onely in us lies
To plant, and water; let us first obtaine
Heavens high Assistance, lest the worke be vaine:
Let all the Iewes in Susa summon'd be,
And keepe a solemne three dayes Fast, and we,
With all our servants, and our maiden traine,
Shall fast as long, and from our thoughts abstaine:
Then to the King (uncall'd) will I repaire,
(How e'r my boldnesse shall his Lawes contraire,)
And bravely welcome Death before mine eye,
And scorne her power: If I dye, I dye.

Meditat.

Meditat. 10.

AS in the winged Common-wealth of Bees,
(Whose carefull Summer-providence foresees
Th'approching fruitlesse Winter, which denyes
The crowne of labour) some with laden thighs
Take charge to beare their waxy burthens home;
Others receive the welcome load; and some
Dispose the waxe; others, the plot contrive;
Some build the curious Comb, some guard the Hive
Like armed Centinels; others distraine
The purer hony from the wax; some traine,
And discipline the young, while others drive
The sluggish Drones, from their deserved Hive:
Thus in this Common-wealth (untaught by Art)
Each winged Burger acts his busie part;
So man (whose first Creation did intend,
And chiefly pointed at no other end,
Then (as a faithfull Steward) to receive
The Fine and quit-rent of the lives we live,)
Must suit his deare indeavour to his might;
Each one must lift, to make the burthen light,
Proving the power, that his gifts afford,
To raise the best advantage for his Lord,
Whose substitute he is, and for whose sake
We live and breath; each his account must make,
Or more, or lesse; and he whose power lacks
The meanes to gather honey, must bring waxe:
Five Talents double five; two render foure;
Wher's little, little's crav'd, where much, there's
Kings by their Royall priviledge may doe, (more:
What unbefits a mind to search into,

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But by the force of their Prerogatives,
 They cannot free the custome of their lives :
 The silly Widow (from whose wrinkled browes
 Faint drops distill, through labour that she owes
 Her needy life,) must make her Audite too,
 As well as Kings, and mighty Monarkes doe:
 The world's a Stage, each mortall acts thereon,
 As well the King that glitters on the Throne,
 As needy beggers: Heav'n Spectator is,
 And markes who acteth well, and who amisse.
 ¶ What part befits me best, I cannot tell:
 It matters not how meane, so acted well.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Vnto the King Queene Ester goes,
 He unexpected favour shewes,
 Demands her suit, she doth request
 The King and Haman to a Feast.*

SECT. II.

WHen as *Queene Esters* solemne 3. daies Fast
 Had feasted heaven, with a sweet repast,
 Her lowly bended body she unbow'd,
 And (like faire *Titan* breaking from a cloud)
 She rose, and with her Royall Robes she clad
 Her livelesse limmes, and with a face as sad
 As griefe could paint, (wanting no Art to borrow
 A needlesse helpe to counterfeit a sorrow,)
 Softly she did direct her feeble pace
 Vnto the inner Court, where for a space,
 She boldly stood before the Royall Throne,
 Like one that would, but durst not make her mone:
 Which

Which when her princely husband did behold,
His heart relented, (Fortune helps the bold)
And to expresse a welcome unexpected,
Forth to the Queene his Scepter he directed;
Whom (now imboldned to approach secur'd)
In gracious termes, he gently thus conjur'd:

*What is't Queene Ester would? What sad request
Hangs on her lips, dwells in her doubtfull brest?
Say, say, (my lifes preserver) what's the thing,
That lyes in the performance of a King,
Shall be deny'd? Faire Queene, what e're is mine
Vnto the moity of my Kingdome's thine.*

So Ester thus: If in thy princely eyes
Thy loyall servant hath obtain'd the prize
Of undeserued fauour, let the King
And Haman grace my this dayes-banqueting,
To crowne the dainties of his handmaids Feast,
Humbly deuoted to so great a Guest.

The motion pleas'd, and fairly well succeeded:
(To willing mindes, no twice intreaty needed)
They came; but in *Queene Esters* troubled face,
(Robd of the sweetnesse of her wonted grace)
The King read discontent; her face diuin'd
The greatnesse of some further suit behinde.

*Say, say, (thou bounteous haruest of my joyes)
(Said then the King) what dumpish grieffe annoyes
Thy troubled soule? Speake, Lady, what's the thing
Thy heart desires? By th'onour of a King,
My Kingdomes halfe, requested, I'll divide
To faire *Queene Ester*, to my fairest Bride.*

Lo then the tenour of my deare request,
(Reply'd the *Queene*,) unto a second Feast,
Thy humble suitor doth presume to bid
The King, and Haman, as before she did:

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*Now therefore if it please my gracious Lord,
To daigne his Royall presence, and afford
The peerlesse treasure of his Princely Grace,
To dry the sorrowes of his Handmaids face,
Then to my Kingly, and thrice-welcome Guest.
His servant shall unbosome her Request.*

Medita 11.

HE that invites his Maker to a Feast,
(Advising well the greatnesse of his Guest)
Must purge his dining chamber from infections,
And sweepe the Cobwebs of his lewd affections,
And then provide such Cates, as most delight
His Palate, and best please his Appetite :
And such are holy workes, and pious deeds,
These are the dainties whercon heaven feeds :
Faith playes the Cook, seasons, directs, and guides;
So man findes meat, so God the Cooke provides :
His drinke are teares, sprung from a midnight cry,
Heaven sips out Nectar from a sinners eye ;
The dining Chamber is the soule opprest ;
God keepes his revells in a Sinners brest :
The musicke that attends the Feast, are grones,
Deep-sounding sighes, and loud-lamenting mones :
Heav'n heares no sweeter musick, than complaints;
The Fasts of sinners, are the Feasts of Saints,
To which heav'n dains to stoop, & heav'ns hie King
Descends, whilst all the quire of Angels sing,
And with such sense-bercaving Sonnets fill
The hearts of wretched men, that my rude quill
(Dazeld with too much light) it selfe addressing
To blaze them forth, obscures the in th'expressing:
Thrice

Thrice happy man, and thrice thrice happy Feast,
Grac'd with the presence of so great a Guest;
To him are freely giv'n the privy keyes
Of heav'n and earth, to open when he please,
And locke when e're he list; In him it lyes
To ope the snowring flood-gates of the skies,
Or shut them at his pleasure; in his hand
The Host of heaven is put; if he command,
The Sunne (not daring to withstand) obeyes,
Out-runnes his equall howres, flies back, or stayes,
To him there's nought uneasie to atchieve;
Hee'le rouze the graves, and make the dead alive.
¶ Lord, I'me unfit t'invite thee to my home,
My Cates are all too coorse, too meane my Roome:
Yet come and welcome; By thy pow'r Divine,
Thy Grace may turne my Water into Wine.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Good Mordecai's unreverence
Great Hamans haughty pride offends:
H'acquaints his wife with the offence;
The counsell of his wife and friends.*

Seet. 12.

THat day went *Haman* forth; for his swolne brest
Was fill'd with joyes, and heart was full posselt
Of all the height Ambition could require,
To satisfie her prodigall Desire.

But when he passed through the Palace Gate,
(His eye-sore) aged *Mardocheus* sare,
With head unbar'd, and stubborne knee unbent,
Vnapt to fawne, with slavish blandishment :
Which

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Which when great Haman saw, his boiling brest
 (So great disdain unable to digest)
 Ran o're; his blood grew hot, and new desires
 Incens'd, and kindled his avenging fires:
 Surcharg'd with griefe, and sick with male-content
 Through his distemper'd passion, home he went;
 Where (to assuage the swelling of his sorrow
 With words, the poorest helps distresse can borrow)
 His wife, and friends he summon'd to partake
 His cause of discontent, and thus bespake:

See, see, how Fortune with a lib'rall hand,
 Hath with the best, and sweetest of the Land,
 Crown'd my desires, and hath timely blowne
 My budded hopes, whose ripenesse hath out-growne
 The limits, and the height of expectation,
 Scarce to be had, but in a Contemplation:

See, see, how Fortune (to enlarge my breath,
 And make me living in despite of Death)
 Hath multiply'd my loynes, that after-Fame
 May in my stocke preserve my Blood, my Name:

To make my honour with my fortunes even,
 Behold, my gracious Lord the King hath given
 And trusted to my hand the sword of Pow'r;
 Or life, or death lies where I laugh or lowre:
 Who stands more gracious in my Princes eye?
 How frownes the King, if Haman be not by?

Ester the Queene hath made the King her Guest,
 And (wisely weighing how to grace the Feast
 With most advantage) hath (in policy)

Invited me: And no man else but I
 (Onely a fit Companion for a King)
 May taste the secrets of the banquetting

Yet what availes my wealth, my place, my might?
 How can I relish them? with what delight?

What

THE ARGUMENT.

*The King asks Haman, what respects
Besits the man that he affects,
And with that honour doth appay
The good deserts of Mordecai.*

Seet. 13.

NOW when as *Morphew* (Serjeant of the night)
Had laid his mace upon the dawning light,
And with his lustlesse limbs had closly spread
The fable Curtaines of his drowzie Bed,
The King slept not, but (indispos'd to rest)
Disguised thoughts within his troubled brest
Kept midnight Revells.
Wherefore (to recollect his randome thought)
He gave command the Chronicles be brought,
And read before him, where, with good attention,
He mark'd how *Mordecai* (with faire prevention)
Of a foule treason 'gainst his blood intended)
His life, and state had loyally defended;
Whereat the King (impatient to repay
Such faithfull service, with the least delay)
Gently demands, What thankfull recompence,
What worship, or deserved reverence,
Equivalent to such great service, hath
Iustly repayd this loyall Liege-mans faith?
They answer'd, none: Now *Haman* (fully bent
To give the vessell of his poison, vent)
Stood ready charg'd with fell Revenge, prepar'd
To beg his life, whom highly to reward,
The King intends: Say (*Haman*) *quoib the King,
What worship, or what honourable thing*

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*Best fits the person, whom the King shall place
Within the bounty of his highest Grace?*

*So Haman thus bethought, whom more than I
Deserves the Sun-shine of my Princes eye?*

Whom seeks the King to honour more than me?

From Hamans mouth shall Haman honour'd be?

Speake freely then; And let thy tongue proclame

An honour sating to thy worth, thy name:

So Haman thus: This honour, this respect

Be done to him the King shall most affect;

In Robes Imperiall be his body drest,

And bravely mounted on that very Beast

The King bestrides; then be the Crowne of State

Plac'd on his lofty browes; let Princes waite

Vpon his Stirrop, and in triumph leade

This Impe of flourish, in Aslucrus stead;

And to expresse the glory of his name,

Like Heralds, let the Princes thus proclame;

• This peerlesse honour, and these Princely rites

• Be done to him, in whom the King delights.

Said then the King, (O sudden change of Fate!)

Within the Portall of our Palace Gate

There sits a Jew, whose name is Mordecai,

Be he the man; Let no peruerse delay

Protract; But what thy lavish tongue hath said,

Doe thou to him: So Haman sore dismaid:

His tongue (ty'd to his Roofe) made no reply,

But (neither daring answer nor deny)

Perforce obeyd, and so his Page became,

Whose life he fought to have bereav'd with shame:

The Rites solemniz'd, Mordecai return'd

Vnto the Gate; Haman went home and mourn'd,

(His visage muffled in a mournfull vail)

And told his wife this melancholy Tale;

Whereas

Whereat amaz'd, and startled at the newes,
Despairing, thus she spake: *If from the Iewes*
This Mordecai derive his happy line,
His be the palme of victory, not thine;
The highest heavens have still conspir'd to blesse
That faithfull seed, and with a faire successe
Have crown'd their just designs: If Mordecai
Descend from thence, thy hopes shall soone decay,
And melt like waxe before the mid-day Sun.
So said, her broken speech not fully done,
Haman was hasted to Queene Esters Feast;
To mirth and joy, an indisposed Guest.

Meditat. 13.

THere's nothing under heaven more glorifies
The name of King, or in a subjects eyes
Winnes more observance, or true loyalty,
Than sacred Iustice, shared equally:
No greater glory can belong to Might,
Than to defend the feeble in their right;
To helpe the helpleffe, and their wrongs redresse;
To curbe the haughty-hearted, and suppress
The proud; requiting ev'ry speciall deed
With punishment, or honourable meed:
Herein Kings aptly may deserve the name
Of Gods, enshrined in an earthly frame;
Nor can they any way approach more nye
The full perfection of a Deity,
Than by true Iustice, imitating heaven
In nothing more, than in the poizing eaven
Their righteous ballance: Iustice is not blind;
As Poets feigne; but, with a sight refin'd,

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Her Lyncian eyes are clear'd, and shine as bright
As doe their errours, that deny her sight;
The soule of Iustice resteth in her eye,
Her comtemplation's chiefly to descry
True worth, from painted showes; and loyalty,
From false, and deepe-dissembled trechery;
A noble Statesman, from a Parasite;
And good, from what is meerely good in sight:
Such hidden thing, her piercing eye can see:
If Iustice then be blinde, how blinde are we!

¶ Right fondly have the Poets pleas'd to say,
From earth the faire *Astrea*'s fled away,
And in the shining Baudrike takes her seat,
To make the number of the Signes compleat:

For why? *Astrea* doth repose and rest
Within the Zodiacke of my Sov'raignes brest,
And from the Cradle of his infancy,
Hath train'd his Royall heart with industry,
In depth of righteous lore, and sacred thewes
Of Iustice Schoole; that this my Haggard Muse
Cannot containe the freeness of her spright,
But make a Mountry at so faire a flight,
(Perchance) though (like a bastard Eagle daz'd
With too great light) she winke, and fall amaz'd,
¶ Heav'n make my heart more thankfull, in confes-
So high a blisse, than skilfull, in expressing. (sing)

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

The Queene brings Hamans accusation;
The King's displeas'd, and growes in passion:
Proud Hamans treachery descry'd;
The shamefull end of shamelesse pride.

SECT. 14.

Forthwith, to satisfie the quenes request,
The King and Haman came unto her Feast,
Whereat the King (what then can hap amisse?)
Became her suitor, that was humbly his,
And fairly thus entreating, this bespake:

What is't Queene Ester would? and for her sake,
What is't the King would not? preferre thy suit,
Faيرة Queene: Those that despaire, let them be mute;
Cleare up those clouded beames (my fairest Bride)
My Kingdomes halfe (requestea) I'll divide.

Whereat the Queen, halfe hoping, halfe afraid,
Disclos'd her trembling lips, and thus she said:

If in the bounny of thy Princely Grace,
Thy sad Petitioner may finde a place
To shrowd her most unutterable grieve,
Which (if not there) may hope for no reliefe;
If in the treasure of thy gracions eyes,
(Where mercy, and relenting pity lies)
Thy hand-maid hath found favour; let my Lord
Grant me my life (my life so much abhord,
To doe him service) and my peoples life,
Which now lye open to a Tyrants knife:
Our lives are sold, 'tis I, 'tis guiltlesse I,
Thy loyall Spouse, thy Queene and hers must dye:

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*The spotlesse blood of me, thy faithfull Bride,
Must wage the swelling of a Tyrants pride :
Had we beene sold for drudges, to attend
The busie Spindle ; or for slaves, to spend
Our weary hower, to deserve our bread,
So as the gaine stood but my Lord in stead,
I had beene silent, and ne're spent my breath :
But neither he that seeks it, nor my death,
Can to himselfe the least advantage bring,
(Except revenge) nor to my Lord the King.*

Like to a Lyon rouzed from his rest,
Rag'd then the King, and thus his rage exprest :

*Who is the man, that dares attempt this thing ?
Where is the Traitor ? What ? am I a King ?
May not our subjects serve, but must our Queene
Be made the subject of a villaines spleene ;
Is not Queene Ester bosom'd in our heart ?
What Traitor then dares be so bold, to part
Our heart, and us ? Who dares attempt this thing ?
Can Ester then be slaine, and not the King ?*

Reply'd the Queene, *The man that hath done this,
That cursed Haman, wicked Haman is.*

Like as a Felon shakes before the Bench,
Whose troubled silence proves the Evidence,
So Haman trembled, when queene Ester spake,
Nor answer, nor excuse, his Guilt could make :

The King, no longer able to digest
So foule a trechery, forsooke the Feast,
Walk'd in the Garden, where consuming rage
Boil'd in his heart, with fire (unapt to assuage.)
So Haman pleading guilty to the fault,
Besought his life of her, whose life he sought.
When as the King had walk'd a little space,
(So rage and choller often shift their place)

In he return'd, where Haman fallen flat
Was on the bed, whereon *Queene Ester* sat;
Whereat the King new cause of rage debates,
(Apt to suppose the worst, of whom he hates)
New passion addes new fuell to his fire,
And faines a cause, to make it blaze the higher:
Is't not enough for him to seeke her death,
(Said he) *but with a Lechers tainted breath,*
Will he inforce my Queene before my face?
And make his Brothell in our Royall Place?

So said, they veiled Hamans face, as he
Unfit were to be seene, or yet to see:

Said then an Eunuch sadly standing by,
In Hamans Garden, fifty Cubits high,
There stands a Gibbet, built but yesterday,
Made for thy loyall servant Mordecai,
Whose faithfull lips thy life from danger freed,
And merit leads him to a fairer meed.

Said then the King, *It seemeth just and good,*
To shed his blood, that thirsted after blood;
Who plants the tree, deserves the fruit; 'tis fit
That he that bought the purchase, ha'sell it:
Hang Haman there; It is his proper good;
So let the Horseleach burst himselfe with blood:
They straight obeyd: Lo here the end of Pride:
Now rests the King appeas'd, and satisfi'd.

Meditat. 14.

CHeere up, and caroll forth your silver ditie,
(Heavens winged quiristers) and fill your City
(The new Ierusalem) with jolly mirth: (earth:
The Church hath peace in heaven, hath peace on
L 3 Spread

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Spread forth your golden pinions, and cleave
 The flitting skies; dismount, and quite bereave
 Our stupid senses with your heavenly mirth,
 For loe, there's peace in heav'n, there's peace on
 Let *Halelujah* fill your warbling tongues, (earth:
 And let the ayre, compos'd of saintly songs,
 Breathe such celestiall Sonnets in our eares;
 That whosoe're this heav'nly musicke heares,
 May stand amaz'd, & (ravisht at the mirth) (earth;
 Chat forth, there's peace in heav'n, ther's peace on
 Let mountaines clap their joyfull, joyfull hands,
 And let the lesser Hills trace o're the lands
 In equall measure; and resounding woods
 Bow downe your heads, and kisse your neigh'ring
 Let peace and love exalt your key of mirth; (floods:
 For now there's peace in heav'n, there's peace on
 You holy Temples of the highest King, (earth:
 Triumph with joy; Your sacred Anthemes sing;
 Chant forth your Hymns, & heav'nly roundelaies,
 And touch your Organs on their louder keyes:
 For *Haman's* dead that danted al your mirth, (earth;
 And now there's peace in heav'n, there's peace on
 Proud *Haman's* dead, whose life disturb'd thy rest,
 Who sought to cut, and seare thy Lilly brest;
 The rav'nous Fox, that did annoyance bring
 Vnto thy Vineyard, 's taken in a Spring.
 ¶ Seem'd not thy Spouse unkind, to hear thee weep
 And not redresse thee? Seem'd he not asleepe?
 No, (Sion) no, he heard thy bitter pray'r,
 But let thee weepe: for weeping makes thee faire.
 The morning Sun reflects, and shines most bright,
 When Pilgrims grope in darknesse all the night:
 The Church must conquer, e're she gets the prize,
 But there's no conquest, where's no enemies:

The

The day is thine ; In triumph make thy mirth,
For now there's peace in heav'n, there's peace on
What man's so dul, or in his brains undone, (earth:
To say, (because he sees not) There's no Sun ?
Weake is the faith, upon a sudden grieve,
That sayes, (because not now) There s no reliefe :
God's bound to helpe, but loves to see men sue :
Though datelesse, yet the bond's not present due.
¶ Like to the sorrowes of our child-bed wives,
Is the sad pilgrimage of humane lives :
But when by throes God sends a joyfull birth,
Then find we peace in heav'n, & peace on earth.

THE ARGUMENT.
*Vpon the Queene and Mordecai
Dead Hamans wealib and dignity
The King bestowes : to their discretion
Referrres the Jewes decreed oppression.*

Seet. 15.

THat very day, the King did freely adde
More bounty to his gift : What *Haman* had
Borrow'd of smiling Fortune, he repayd
To *Esters* hand, and to her use convaide :
And *Mordecai* found favour with the King ;
Vpon his hand he put his Royall Ring,
Whose Princely pow'r proud *H..man* did abuse,
In late betraying of the guiltlesse Jewes ;
For now had *Ester* to the King descry'd
Her Iewish kin, how neere she was ally'd
To *Mardocheus*, whom (her father dead)
His love did foster in her fathers stead.

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Once more the *Queene* prefers an earnest suit,
Her humble body lowly prostitute
Before his Royall feet, her cheekes o'reflowne
With marish teares, and thus her plain'full mone,
Commixt with bitter singults, she exprest :

If in the Cabin of thy princely brest
Thy loyall servant (undeserv'd) hath found
A place, wherein her wishes might be crown'd
With faire successe ; If in thy gracious sight
I pleasing, or my cause seeme just, and right,
Be speedy Letters written, to reverse
Those bloody Writs which Haman did disperse
Throughout thy Provinces, whose sad content
Was the subversion of my innocent
And faithfull people ; Helpe, (my gracious Lord)
The time's prefixt, wherein th'impartiall Sword
Must make this massacre, the day's at hand,
Unlesse thy speedy Grace send countermand :
How can I brooke within my tender brest,
To break the bonds of natures high behest,
And see my people (for whose sake I breathe)
Like stalled Oxen, bought and sold for death ?
How can I see such mischief ? How can I
Survive, to see my kin, and people dye ?
Said then the King ; Lo, cursed Haman hath
The execution of our highest wrath,
The equall hire of his malicious pride ;
His wealth to thee I gave, (my fairest Bride)
His honour (better plac'd) I have bestow'd
On him, to whom my borrow'd life hath ow'd
Her five yeares breath, the trusty Mordecai,
Our loyall kinsman : Let his hand portray
Our pleasure, as best liketh him, and thee ;
Let him set downe, and be it our Decree,

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*Let him confirme it with our Royall Ring,
And we shall signe it with the name of King:
For none may alter, or reverse the same
That's seal'd and written in our Princely name.*

Meditat. 15.

TO breathe, 's a necessary gift of nature,
Whereby we may discern a living Creature
From plants, or stones: 'Tis but a meere degree
From Vegetation; and this, hath the
Like equally shar'd out to brutish beasts
With man, who lesse observes her due behests
(Sometimes) than they; and oft, by accident,
Doe lesse improve the gift in the event:
But man, whose organs are more fairly drest, ' |
To entertaine a farre more noble Guest,
Hath, through the excellence of his Creation,
A Soule Divine; Divine by inspiration;
Divine through likenesse to that pow'r Divine,
That made and plac'd her in her fleshly shrine;
From hence we challenge lifes prerogative;
Beasts onely breath; 'Tis man alone doth live;
One end of mans Creation, was Society,
Mutuall Communion, and friendly Piety:
The man that lives unto himselfe alone,
Subsists and breaths, but lives not; Never one
Deserv'd the moiety of himselfe, for he
That's borne, may challenge but one part of three;
Triparted thus; his Country clames the best;
The next, his Parents; and himselfe, the least.
He husbands best his life, that freely gives
It for the publike good; He rightly lives,

That

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That nobly dies : 'tis greatest mastery,
Not to be fond to live, nor feare to dye
On just occasion; He that (in case) despises
Life, earns it best, but he that over-prizes
His dearest blood, when honour bids him dye,
Steales but a life, and lives by Robbery.

O sweet Redeemer of the world, whose death
Deserv'd a world of lives ! Had Thy deare breath
Been deare to Thee; Oh had'st Thou but deny'd
Thy precious Blood, the world for e'r had dy'd :
O spoile my life, when I desire to save it,
By keeping it from Thee, that freely gave it.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Letters are sent by Mordecai,
That all the Jewes, upon the day
Appointed for their death, withstand
The fury of their foe-mens hand.*

SECT. 16.

Forthwith the Scribes were summon'd to appear
To ev'ry Province, and to ev'ry Shiere
Letters they wrote (as *Mordecai* directed)
To all the Jewes, (the Jewes so much dejected)
To all Liev-tenants, Captaines of the Band,
To all the States and Princes of the Land,
According to the phrase, and divers fashion
Of Dialect, and speech of ev'ry Nation;
All which was stiled in the name of King,
Sign'd with his hand, seal'd with his Royall Ring:
Loe here the tenor of the Kings Commission;
Whereas of late, (at Hamans urg'd petition,)

Decrees

Decrees were sent, and spread throughout the Land,
To spoile the Iewes, and with impartiall hand,
(Upon a day prefixt) to kill, and slay;
We likewise grant upon that very day,
Full power to the Iewes, to make defence,
And quit their lives, and for a Recompence,
To take the spoiles of those they shall suppress,
Shewing like mercy to the mercilesse.

By posts, as swift as Time, was this Decree
Commanded forth; As fast as Day they flee,
Spurr'd on, and hast'ned with the Kings Command
Which straight was noys'd, & publisht through the
As warning to the Iewes, to make provision (Land
To entertaine so great an opposition.

So Mordecai (disburthned of his griefe,
Which now found hopefull tokens of reliefe)
Departs the presence of the King, addrest
In royall Robes, and on his lofty Crest
He bore a Crowne of gold, his body spread
With Lawne, and Purple deeply coloured:
Fill'd were the Iewes with triumphs, & with noise,
(The common Heralds to proclame true joyes :)
Like as a prisoner muffled at the tree,
Whose life's remov'd from death scarce one degree
His last pray'r said, and hearts confession made,
(His eyes possessing deaths eternall shade)
At last (unlook'd for comes a slow Reprieve,
And makes him (even as dead) once more alive :
Amaz'd, he rends deaths muffler from his eyes,
And (over-joy'd) knowes not he lives, or dyes;
So joy'd the Iewes, whose lives, this new Decree
Had quit from death and danger, and set free
Their gasping soules, and (like a blazing light)
Dispers'd the darknesse of th' approaching night;

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So joy'd the Iewes : and with their solemne Feasts
 They chas'd dull sorrow from their pensive breasts :
 Meane while, the people (startled at the newes)
 Some griev'd, some envi'd, some (for feare) turn'd
 (Iewes.

Secl. 16.

Among the Noble Greekes, it was no shame
 To lose a Sword ; It but deserv'd the name
 Of Warres disastrous fortune ; but to yeeld
 The right and safe possession of the Shield,
 Was foule reproach, and manlesse cowardize,
 Farre worse than death to him that scorn'd to prize
 His life before his Honour, Honour's wonne
 Most in a just defence ; Defence is gone,
 The Shield once lost: The wounded Theban cry'd,
 How fares my Sheild? which safe, he smil'd, & dy'd:
 True honour bides at home, and takes delight
 In keeping, not in gaining of a right ;
 Scornes usurpation, nor seekes she blood,
 And thirsts to make her name not great, as good :
 God gives a Right to man; To man, defence
 To guard it giv'n; But when a false pretence
 Shall ground her title on a greater Might,
 What doth he else but warre with Heav'n, and fight
 With Providence ? God sets the Princely Crowne
 On heads of Kings; Who then may take it downe ?
 No juster quarrell, or more nobler Fight,
 Than to maintaine, where God hath giv'n a Right;
 There's no despaire of Conquest in that warre,
 Where God's the Leader; Policy's no barre
 To his Designes; no Power can withstand
 His high exploits; within whose mighty Hand
 Are

Are all the corners of the earth; the hills
His fensive bulwarks are, which, when he wills,
His lesser breath can bandy up and downe,
And crush the world, and with a winke, can drowne
The spacious Vniverse in fuds of Clay;
Where heav'n is Leader, heav'n must win the day;
God reapes his honour hence; That combat's fate,
Where hee's a Combatant, and ventures halfe:
Right's not impair'd with weaknesse, but prevails
In spight of strength, when strength & power failes.
Fraile is the trust repos'd on Troopes of Horse;
Truth in a handfull, finds a greater force.
¶ Lord, maile my heart with faith, and be my shield
And if a world confront me, I'll not yeeld.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The bloody Massacre: The Jewes
Prevaile: their fatall sword subdues
A world of men, and in that fray,
Hamans ten cursed sonnes they slay.*

Señ. 17.

NOW when as Time had rip'ned the Decree,
(Whose Winter fruit unshaken from the tree
Full ready was to fall) and brought that Day,
Wherein pretended mischief was to play
Her tragicke Sceane upon the Iewish Stage,
And spit the venome of her bloody rage
Vpon the face of that dispersed Nation,
And in a minute breathe their desolation,
Vpon that day (as patients in the fight)
Their scatter'd force, the Iewes did reunite,
And

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And to a head their straggling strength reduc'd,
 And with their fatall hand (their hand diffus'd
 To bathe in blood) they made so strong recoyle,
 That with a purple streame, the thirsty soyle
 O'rflowd: & on the pavement (drown'd with blood)
 Where never was before, they rais'd a flood:
 There lyes a headlesse body, here a limme
 Newly dis-joynted from the trunk of him
 That there lyes groning; here, a gasping head
 Cropt frō his neighbors shoulders; there, halfe dead
 Full heapes of bodie, whereof some curse Fate,
 Others blaspheme the name of heav'n, and rate
 Their undispos'd Starres; with bitter cryes
 One pities his poore widow-wife, and dyes;
 Another bannes the night his sonnes were borne,
 That he must dye, and they must live forlorne;
 Here (all besmeard in blood congeald) there lyes
 A throng of carcasses, whose livelesse eyes
 Are clos'd with dust, & death: there, lyes the Syre
 Whose death the greedy heire did long desire;
 And here, the sonne, whose hopes were all the plea-
 His aged father had, and his lifes treasure: (sure
 Thus fell their foes, some dying, and some dead,
 And onely they that scap'd the slaughter, fled;
 But with such strange amazement were affrighted,
 (As if themselves in their owne deaths delighted)
 That each his force against his friend addrest,
 And sheath'd his sword within his neighbors brest;
 For all the Rulers (being sore afraid
 Of *Mardocheus* name) with strength, and ayde
 Supply'd the Jewes: For *Mardocheus* name
 Grew great with honour, and his honour'd Fame
 Was blaz'd through ev'ry Province of the Land,
 And spread as farre, as did the Kings Command:

In favour he increast, and ev'ry how'r
Did adde a greater greatnesse to his pow'r:
Thus did the Jewes triumph in victory,
And on that day themselves were doom'd to dye,
They slew th'appointed Actors of their death;
And on their heads they wore that noble wreath,
That crownes a Victor with a Victors prize;
So fled their foes, so dyde their enemies:
And on that day at Susan were imbru'd
In blood, five hundred men whom they subdu'd;
The cursed fruit of the accursed Tree,
That impious Decad, *Hamans* progeny,
Vpon that fatall day, they overthrew,
But took no spoyle, nor substance, where they flew.

Medita. 17.

I Latchy mus'd; and musing stood amaz'd,
My heart was bound; my sight was over-daz'd
To view a miracle: Could *Pharo* fall
Before the face of Isr'el? Could her small
And ill-appointed handfull then prevaile,
When *Pharo's* men of warre, and Char'ots faile?
These stood like Gyants; those, like Pigmy brats;
They soar'd like Eagles; those, like swarms of gnats
On foot these marcht; those rode on troops of horse
These never better arm'd; they, never worse;
Strong backt with vengeance & revenge, were they
These, with despaire, theselves, themselves betray;
They close pursu'd; these (fearfull) fled the field;
How could they chuse, but win? or these, but yeeld?
Sure 'tis, nor man, nor horse, nor sword avails,
When Isr'el conquers, and great *Pharo* failes:
Poore

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Poore Isr'el had no Man of Warre, but One;
 And *Pharo* having all the rest, had none;
 Heav'n fought for Isr'el, weakned *Pharo's* heart,
 Who had no *Counter-god* to take his part:
 What meant that cloudy Piller, that by day
 Did usher Isr'el in an unknowne way?
 What meant that fi'ry Piller, that by night
 Appear'd to Isr'el, and gave Isr'el light?
 'Twas not the secret power of *Moses* Rod,
 That charm'd the Seas in twaine; 'twas *Moses* God
 That fought for Isr'el, and made *Pharo* fall;
 Well thrives the Fray where God's the Generall;
 'Tis neither strength, nor undermining sleight
 Prevailes, where heav'ns ingaged in the fight.
 ¶ Me list not ramble into antique dayes,
 To manne his Theame, lest while *Ulysses* strays,
 His heart forget his home *Penelope*:
 Our prosp'rous *Brittaine* makes sufficient Plea
 To prove her blisse, and heav'ns protecting power,
 Which had she mist, her glory, in an hower
 Had falne to Cinders, and had past away
 Like smoke before the wind; Which happy Day,
 Let none but base-bred Rebels ever faile
 To consecrate, and let this Age entaile,
 Vpon succeeding times Eternity,
 Heav'ns highest love, in that dayes memory.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

*The sonnes of Haman (that were slaine,)
Are all hang'd up: The Iewes obtaine
Freedom to fight the morrow after;
They put three hundred more to slaughter.*

SECT. 18.

WHen as the fame of that daies bloody news
Came to the King, he said; Behold, the Iewes
Have wonne the Day, and in their just defence,
Have made their wrong, a rightfull recompence;
Five hundred men in Susan they have slaine,
And that remainder of proud Hamans straine,
Their hands have rooted out; Queene Ester say,
What further suit (wherein Assuerus may
Expresse the bounty of his Royall hand)
Rests in thy bosome: What is thy demand?

Said then the Queene: If in thy Princely sight
My boone be pleasing, or thou take delight
To grant thy servants suite, Let that Commission
(Which gave the Iewes this happy dayes permission
To save their lives) to morrow stand in force,
For their behalves that onely make recourse
To God, and thee, and let that cursed brood
(The sonnes of Haman, that in guilty blood,
Lye all ingoar'd, unfit to taint a Grave)
Be hang'd on Gibbets, and (like co-heires) have
Like equall shares of that deserved shame,
Their wretched father purchas'd in his name:

The King was pleas'd, and the Decree was given
From Susan, where twixt earth and heaven,

M

Most

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(Most undeserving to be own'd by either)
 These cursed ten (like twins) were borne together;
 When *Titan* (ready for his Iournall chase)
 Had rouz'd his dewy locks, and Rosie face
 Inricht with morning beauty, up arose
 The Iewes in Susan, and their bloody blowes
 So roughly dealt, that in that dismall day
 A lease of hundreds fell, but on the prey
 No hand was laid: so, sweet and jolly rest
 The Iewes enjoy'd, and with a solemne Feast,
 (Like joyfull Victors dispossess'd of sorrow)
 They consecrated the ensuing morrow;
 And in the Provinces throughout the Land,
 Before their mighty and victorious hand,
 Fell more than seventy thousand, but the prey
 They seiz'd not; and in mem'ry of that day,
 They solemnized their victorious Guests,
 With gifts, and triumphs, and with holy Feasts.

Medita. 18.

THe Doctrine of the Schoole of Grace dissenteth
 From Natures (more uncertaine) rudiments,
 And are as much contrayr, and opposite
 As Yea, and Nay, or blacke, and purest white:
 For nature teaches, first to understand,
 And then beleeve; but grace doth first command
 Man to beleeve, and then to comprehend;
 Faith is of things unknowne, and must intend,
 And soare above conceit; What we conceive,
 We stand possess'd of, and already have,
 But faith beholds such things, as yet we have not,
 Which eie sees not, care hears not, hart conceiues not
 Hereon

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Hereon, as on her ground-worke, our salvation
Erects her pillers; From this firme foundation,
Our soules mount up the new Ierusalem,
To take possession of her Diademe;
God loves no sophistry; Who argues least
In graces Schoole, concludes, and argues best;
A womans Logicke passles there; For 'tis
Good prooffe to say, 'Tis so, because it is:
Had Abraham advis'd with flesh and blood,
Bad had his faith beene, though his reasons good;
If God bid doe, for man to urge a Why?
Is; but in better language, a deny:
The fleshly ballances of our conceits,
Have neither equall poysure, nor just weights,
To weigh, without impeachment, Gods designe;
There's no proportion betwixt things Divine,
And mortall: Lively faith may not depend,
Either upon th'occasion, or the end.

¶ The glorious Suns reflected beames suffice,
To lend a luster to the feeblest eyes,
But if the Eye too covetous of the light,
Boldly outface the Sun, (whose beames so bright
And undespers'd, are too-too much refin'd
For view) is it not justly stricken blind?
I dare not taske stout *Samson* for his death;
Nor wandring *Ishbub*, that bequeath'd his breath
To raging Seas, when God commanded so;
Nor thee (great *Queene*) whose lips did overflow
With streames of blood; nor thee (O cruell kind)
To quench the fire of a womans mind,
With flowing rivers of thy subjects blood:
From bad beginnings, God creates a good,
And happy end: What I cannot conceive,
Lord, let my soule admire, and beleeve.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Feast of Purim consecrated :
 Th' occasion why 'twas celebrated ;
 Letters writ by Mordecai,
 To keepe the mem'ry of that Day.*

Sect. 19.

SO *Mardocheus* throughout all the Land
 Dispers'd his Letters, with a strickt command
 To celebrate these two dayes memory
 With Feasts, and gifts, and yeerly jollity,
 That after-ages may record that day,
 And keepe it from the rust of time, that they
 Which shall succeed, may ground their holy mirth
 Vpon the joyes, those happy dayes brought forth,
 Which chang'd their sadnes, & black nights of sor-
 Into the brightnes of a gladsome morrow ; (row,
 Whereto the Iewes (to whom these Letters came)
 Gave due observance, and did soone proclame
 Their sacred Festivalls, in memory
 Of that dayes joy, and joyfull victory :
 And since the Lots (that *Haman* did abuse,
 To know the dismall day, which to the Iewes
 Might fall most farall, and, to his intent,
 Least unpropitious) were in th'event
 Crost with a higher Fate, than blinded Chance,
 To worke his ruine, their deliverance :
 They therefore in remembrance of the Lot
 (Whose hop'd-for sad event succeeded not)
 The solemn Feasts of Purim did invest,
 And by the name of Purim call'd their Feast,
 Which

Which to observe with sacred Complement,
And ceremoniall rites, their soules indent,
And firmly inroll the happy memory
Ith' hearts of their succeeding progeny,
That time (the enemy of mortall things)
May not, with hov'ring of his nimble wings,
Beat downe the deare memoriall of that time,
But keepe it flowring in perpetuall prime.

Now, lest this shining day in times progresse
Perchance be clouded with forgetfulnesse,
Or lest the gauled Persians should debate
The bloody slaughter, and re-ulcerate
In after-dayes, their former misery,
And blurre the glory of this dayes memory,
The Queene and *Mordecai* sent Letters out
Into the Land, dispersed round out,
To re-confirme, and fully ratifie
This Feast of Purim, to eternity;
That it to after-ages may appeare, (care.
When sinners bend their hearts, heav'n bowes his

Meditat. 19.

ANd are the Lawes of God defective then?
Or was the paper scant, or dull the pen
That wrote those sacred Lines? Could imperfectio
Lurk closely there, where heav'n hath give directio
How comes it then new Feasts are celebrated,
Vnmention'd in the Law, and uncreated
By him that made the Law compleat, and just,
Not to be chang'd as braine-sicke mortalls lust?
Is not heavens deepest curse, with death to boot,
Denounc'd to him that takes from, or adds too't?

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True 'tis, the Law of God's the rule and Squire,
Whereby to limit Mans uncurb'd desire,
And with a gentle hand doth justly paize
The ballances of his unbevell'd wayes,

True 'tis, accurs'd, and thrice-accurs'd be he
That shall detract, or change such Lawes, as be
Directive for his Worship, or concerne
His holy Service, these we strictly learne
Within our constant brest to keepe insurin'd,
These in all seasons, and for all times binde:
But Lawes (although Divine) that doe respect
The publike rest, and properly direct,
As Statutes politike, doe make relation
To times, and persons, places, and occasion:
The brazen Serpent, which, by Gods command,
Was builded up, was by the Prophets hand
Beat downe againe, as impious, and impure,
When it became an Idoll, not a Cure.

¶ A morall Law needs no more warrant,
Then lawfull givers, and conveniency,
(Not crossing the Divine :) It lyes in Kings,
To act, and to inhibit all such things
As in his Princely wisdom shall seeme best,
And most vantagious to the publike rest,
And what (before) was an indifferent thing,
His Law makes good, or bad: A lawfull King
Is Gods Liev-tenant; in his sacred eare
God whispers oft, and keepes his Presence there.

¶ To breake a lawfull Princes just Command,
Is brokage of a sinne, at second hand.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Affuerus Acts upon Record:
The just mans vertue, and reward.*

Seet. 20.

AND *Affuerus* stretcht his heavy hand,
Laying a Tribute, both on Sea, and Land;
What else he did, what *Trophies* of his fame,
He left for time to glorifie his Name,
With what renowne, and grace, he did appay
The faithfull heart of loyall *Mordecai*;
Are they not kept in endlesse memory,
Recorded in the Persian History?
For *Mordecai* possesse the second seat
In all the Kingdome, and his name was great;
Of God and man his vertues were approv'd,
Of God and man, much honour'd, and belov'd;
Seeking his peoples good, and sweet prosperity,
And speaking joyfull peace to his posterity.

Meditat. 20.

THUS thrives the man, thus prosper his endeavors
That builds on faith, & in that faith perseveres:
¶ It is no losse, to lose; no gaine, to get,
If he that loses all, shall win the Set:
God helps the weakest, takes the losers chaire,
And setting on the King, doth soone repaire

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His losse with vengeance; Hee's not alway best
That takes the highest place, nor he the least
That sits beneath: for outward fortunes can
Expresse (how great, but) not how good's the man;
Whom God will raise, he humbles first a while;
And where he raises, oft he meanes to spoile.

¶ It matters not (Lord) what my fortunes be,
May they but lead, or whip me home to thee.

*Here the Canonick History of
Queene Ester ends.*

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